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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

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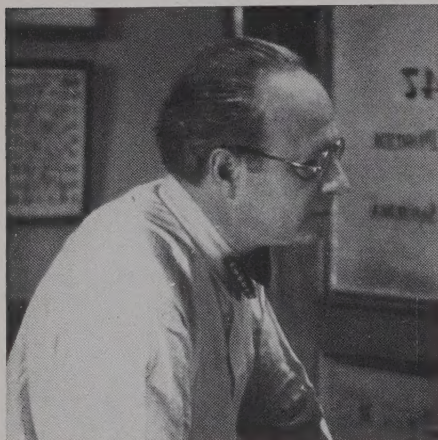
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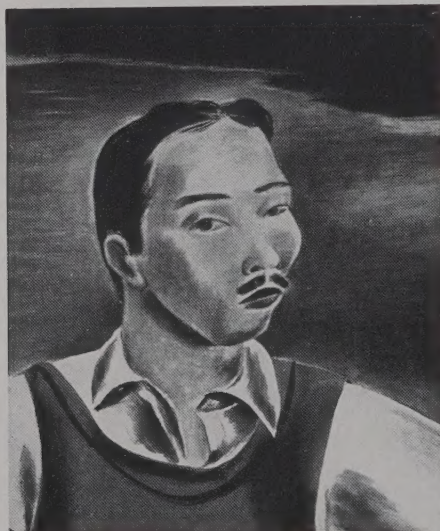
PREVIOUS ISSUES LISTED IN "ART INDEX" AND "THE READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE"

CONTRIBUTORS

BECAUSE HE SPEAKS so eloquently for himself **Yasuo Kuniyoshi** leaves us very little to say. Since his article was finished, however, we learned that he has been elected President of An American Group, which neatly corroborates the title of his article.



WALTER PISTON



YASUO KUNIYOSHI:
SELF-PORTRAIT AS
A GOLFER (DETAIL)

George Henry Lovett Smith is a member of the staff of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to which he returns after a brief term as manager of the St. Louis Symphony. He directs the gallery in Symphony Hall where the first Boston exhibition of the paintings of Marsden Hartley recently took place, lectures on the music played at the symphony concerts, and writes for the *Boston Evening Transcript* and the *Christian Science Monitor*. He is a Boston correspondent of the magazine, *Modern Music*, published by the League of Composers.

Articles in the *MAGAZINE OF ART* represent many points of view. We do not expect concurrence from every quarter, not even among our contributors; we believe that writers are entitled to express opinions which differ widely. Although we do not assume responsibility for opinions expressed in any signed articles appearing in the *MAGAZINE OF ART*, we hold that to offer a forum in our pages is the best way to stimulate intelligent discussion and to increase active enjoyment of the arts.—THE EDITORS.

Mr. Smith was a student of Walter Piston at Harvard for five years and has been a close friend of the composer for the past ten years. He writes: "My first meeting with Piston was in 1929 when I subscribed to the 'Symphony Concerts and found myself his neighbor that season and many to come.'"

Frederick R. Pleasants became interested in Pre-Columbian art while at Princeton. Since 1933 he has been combining art and anthropology at Harvard, and has given a course entitled *Introduction to the Art of Primitive Peoples*. He is the author of the catalogs for the Oceanic and African Art Exhibition at the Fogg Art Museum and the Peabody Museum Tercentenary Exhibit and has written other articles.

AS WE HAVE SAID here before **John Rothenstein** is Director of the Tate Gallery, London, and the son of the eminent British painter, Sir William Rothenstein. Mr. Rothenstein is now in the United States.

Margaret Breuning who reviews the Whitney Annual is critic on the *New York Journal-American*.

FORTHCOMING

IN A MONTH or two we will present another article by **Lois Wilcox** who wrote with such insight of El Greco in our July, 1938, issue (page 333). This time she writes of the experiment in teaching the experience of art which she made with real success at Sweet Briar College. Next month we will publish a short article by **Georg Swarzenski** about the exhibition of Medieval Art he is putting on at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The show covers the period from 1000 to 1400 when Medieval art came to full flower.

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YASUO KUNIYOSHI: THE MORNING AFTER. OIL, 1938. 12x16 INCHES

(Courtesy the Downtown Gallery)

H. Kuriyama
1978



INFORMATION FROM MUSEUMS

PHILADELPHIA, WORCESTER, NEW YORK are the express stops in the museum route of Mr. Francis Henry Taylor, recently appointed director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Like Mr. Justice Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court, Mr. Taylor is young to occupy so high a position. A justice of the court leads a simple life compared to that of the Director of the Metropolitan Museum. Mysterious as are the realities of the law they are transparent beside the emotional intangibles that entangle the steps of the unwary director of a great and complex museum. A judge, appointed for life, can safely hunt with the minority. Not so the museum director. Were his knowledge universal and his logic a stone wall his equipment might still be lacking. The distinction demanded by the minority must be softened with the popularity expected by the majority.

We imagine that if a judge found his opinions supported by the leaders of the bar he would smile upon the adverse criticisms of those who do not know the law. Upheld, however rarely, by the leading talents in art, the director has other worlds to conquer which are closer to the hearts of the trustees. There are the cohorts of historians at one extreme, the uninitiated at the other. He must confound the experts with his wisdom and attract the millions by his universality. Between these extremes lies a sphere inhabited with dealers, collectors, critics, and the hordes of the semi-initiated. It has no tangible limits. This too he must conquer.

We merely hint at the complexities. It takes a strong man to run the Metropolitan. Among the attributes of the new director are knowledge and experience, courage, a glorious irreverence for institutions, as such, and a working understanding with the press. A sense of humor and of collaboration with the press are valuable aids to a director entering the most complex institution of its kind in this country.

Let us take the press. In its advance from an amateur organization to a great professional institution of intricate interests and high finance, the Metropolitan Museum has not spent sixty years unaware of the press. Well we remember the capacity of the late Dr. Edward Robinson to combine the efforts of the Museum with the efforts of the press in a united worthiness. The representatives of New York's newspapers were placed in solid armchairs around the imposing table of the board room before they were vouchsafed a whisper of news. Austerely Dr. Robinson explained to us the new acquisitions and what obediently we should think about them. Alas we did not always think as Dr. Robinson ordered. And at the next press day cold were the bows of the Director to the disobedient. This humorless attitude worked well enough in spots. However the instant the late William Sloane Coffin became President and Herbert Winlock became Director they invited the press to a humanization luncheon. Before, we had only had tea with the staff.

The Metropolitan Museum has accomplished wonders both in its collection and its educational department. It has a distinguished staff, but as an institution it is inclined to be a touch secretive. We wonder what would happen if it let all the cats out of all the bags. Has it a piece of furniture so astutely restored that the layman does not know the old from the new? Has it a painting so opportunely overpainted that the hand of the "master" is invisible? Has it an attribution for which a dealer paid? We merely ask. We can imagine an exhibition arranged for the announced purpose of contrasting clearly the difference between honest and dishonest restoration. The catalogue might explain the reasons for the difference and list the experts employed by the trade and those not in the trade. It might supply the public and the press with critical estimates of their reliability.

Any exhibition which would help to open the eyes of an innocent public and an equally innocent press to the deep dark caverns and the intricate mazes now kept secret by museums, experts, and dealers, would, we believe, win both. All this has little to do with art in its vital creativeness but a lot to do with museums. They hold back much instructive information. Secrecy might well be replaced by greater frankness with the public which owns the museum. Complex is Mr. Taylor's job but also inspiring. As he suggests, the world is changing.

—FORBES WATSON.



Yasuo Kuniyoshi: Self-Portrait. Oil, 1924. 30 x 20 inches

EAST TO WEST

BY YASUO KUNIYOSHI

AMERICA OR MILITARY school was the course I had set my heart on when a boy of thirteen. My parents did not approve of my choice, but being a spoiled only child, I aimed for the stars, not really expecting to have them. Father thought I was too young to live alone far from home, and the military school held no appeal for him since the Russo-Japanese war was then in progress.

Nevertheless, and much to my surprise, he finally gave his consent to my coming to America all alone. I thought of the many exotic and wonderful things I would see, and when the time came to go I left without sentimentalities or tears and with a brave, adventurous spirit.

I had no definite plans when I arrived on the West Coast in September 1906—a vague idea that I should like to stay two or three years, learn to speak English fluently and be able to translate English into Japanese. Then, all polished, return home.

My dreams of America and actually seeing America were two totally different things. I thought nothing of money, expecting to pick it up practically from the streets.

Unable to speak but a few monosyllables in English, with no friends or any experience, it was far from easy at first. I

realized more than anything that I had to earn a living before I could go to school to learn English. I got a job working in a railroad yard in Spokane, through the good services of the hotel manager at a Japanese hotel where I was staying in Seattle.

After two days of sweeping out the roundhouse, carrying buckets of water and sleeping on a wooden bunk without any mattress, I went scuttling back to Seattle. This was my first real smack of America and it left me shattered. I began to long for home, but I had been so brave when I first landed here, that I had sent all the money I had back to father and told him that I was in a country where there was lots of money and so I didn't need it. I was stranded and so blue. I would have gone back if I had any funds after being here only a month.

I've never forgotten the feeling of sitting day in, day out in the harbor watching the big boats go by and eating peanuts. It was the first taste of peanuts I had in this country and I've never eaten them since.

I landed a small job shortly afterward scrubbing floors in an office building in Seattle and went to mission school to learn to speak English. I saved up enough money during that period and when the weather got cold and rainy I went to Los Angeles.

I guess the sun and the warm climate made me more cheerful for I was resigned to stay and not to go back home. Still I never thought of becoming an artist or of staying as long as

I have. It was only after entering public school that one of my teachers suggested and encouraged me to go to art school. I had always liked pictures and so I thought it was a good idea.

The thought of painting brought back memories of the first Western painting I had ever seen, when a boy of six or seven. It was a realistic panorama of a battle scene. It stirred me greatly because it was so real and life-like, a factor that I had not been aware of in the works of art that surrounded my childhood. Here was something that was more than decorative and dignified.

As I look back, no doubt it was a very photographic depiction; however, the approach and medium strangely moved me and has left an impression vivid to this day.

It may not be that the memory of this picture was responsible for my becoming an artist but it has remained as a symbol of my aims; to combine the rich traditions of the East with my accumulative experiences and viewpoint of the West.

While going to art school I earned my living by doing various odd jobs, such as working in the field of the Imperial Valley picking cantaloupes; picking grapes in Fresno, during the summer. In the winter I worked as a bell-hop at a hotel. It was not what I wanted to do, but I didn't mind since it enabled me to go to art school.

My attitude was still a romantic one. To be an artist was a wonderful thing. Yet I didn't think too seriously of it. I painted but I never thought I would be able to become an artist.

Three years at the Los Angeles School of Art and Design and I was undecided as to my future. When an aviation meet for the first time was held at the San Domingo field in Los Angeles I was immediately drawn to it. Quick fame and an up and coming industry fired my imagination and so I enrolled as a student at the aviation school and temporarily gave up studying at the art school. But I soon gave that up too, because I was scared.

Once again I fell back on art and decided to come to New



Yasuo Kuniyoshi: *Cock Calling Dawn*. Oil, 1925. 24 x 30

York, the center of art activity. Again there was a repetition of the same hardships I experienced when I first came to this country. Odd jobs here and there where I could find them and it seemed like a cold world, especially since I spent the winter of 1910 without an overcoat. But by this time I had definitely decided to continue studying art. Somehow that aim was firm enough so that no matter what I did it was always bearable. I was entirely ignorant of the old masters, no one had ever mentioned them or the numerous museums. I was led to believe that if I painted long enough that would qualify me as an artist.

A friend of father, Mr. Kawabe, who was a Japanese artist, helped me through that winter by giving me board and meals. In return I cleaned his studio. It was he who suggested that I go to the National Academy. I used to walk from Sixty-sixth Street to the National Academy on One Hundred and Ninth Street twice every day because I had no carfare. I tried to like the National Academy but after two months I quit.

. . . .

I WAS LOST in the shuffle for a couple of years and then joined the Independent School, where everybody was talking about the Armory Show. Cubism was in the air. *The Nude Descending a Staircase* was creating a furore. Reproductions of van Gogh, Gauguin, and the masters of the late nineteenth century filled the walls of the school. I was caught up in this excitement without really understanding what it was all about.

Homer Boss was the sole instructor of the school and I rubbed elbows with Stuart Davis and A. S. Baylinson. I thought that these men were already doing accomplished work. For the first time I began to feel at home.

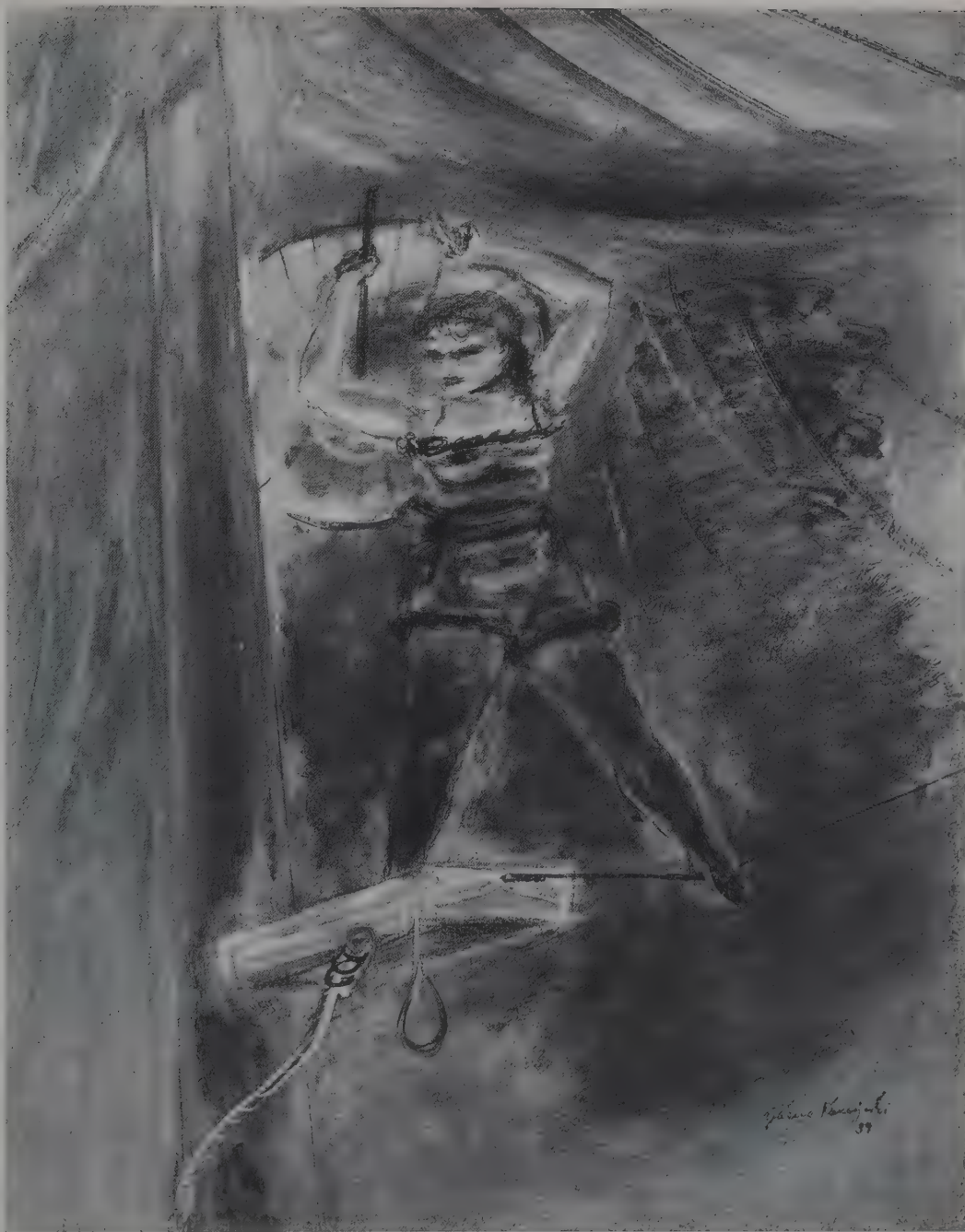
Nevertheless I was still restless and when I changed schools by going to the Art Students' League all my classmates thought I was "going to the dogs." Up to then I hadn't made any friends, whether out of shyness or the small feeling of a stranger. At the League my life began to take on a real meaning. Heretofore things came and went aimlessly, from one stage to another, moving from day to day not knowing where the wind would take me next.

I had a great hunger for friends and companionship as a natural reaction from my lonely wanderings. At the League I found warmth and kindness which I sorely needed. Kenneth Hayes Miller was very friendly toward me, even though it took me a long time to understand him. It was he who changed my outlook on art and I began to have a direction and motive, whereas before that I had had none. It was then that I began to see and study the old masters. I can remember very distinctly his introducing me to Daumier's drawings, and my trying to grasp their full meaning and significance.

This was a period of cultural activity in which I made every effort to absorb the life around me. I went to concerts religiously, although I must confess that I never understood the masterpieces I heard and still don't.

I was drawn into these activities through my association with the students at the League. Among them I made fast





RIGHT: Yasuo Kuniyoshi: *Wire Walker*. Gouache, 1939. 16 x 20 inches. Collection H. Goldsmith

LEFT, ON FACING PAGE: Yasuo Kuniyoshi: *Summer Storm*. Oil 1938. 48 x 32 inches

friends with Alexander Brook, Peggy Bacon, Henry Schnakenberg, Katherine Schmidt, Reginald Marsh, Edmund Duffy and Arnold Blanch.

Around this time Louis Bouché introduced Alexander Brook and myself to the Penguin Club. I was terribly excited to be asked to show my work there along with such artists as Kuhn, Weber, Pascin and several other noteworthy painters. This small but fertile group helped to establish the roots of contemporary American painting. Considered rebels of their time they waged a vigorous battle against conservatism with might and humor. We knew how to play and enjoy ourselves in those days.

From now on painting was my whole life. I met Hamilton Easter Field and he offered me a place to stay in Ogunquit, Maine, during the summer so that I could work, and an apartment in Brooklyn for the winter. My second summer in Ogunquit I married Katherine Schmidt. The Niles Spencers

and ourselves spent many a warm evening talking about Cézanne and modern painting.

By this time I was out of school and anxious to show my work. The only two places I knew of where a young painter, whose work was in the modern idiom, could have an exhibition was at the Montross and Daniel Galleries.

Daniel was very encouraging and he showed two of my paintings in his gallery in 1921. A thrilling experience, for it was my first opportunity in a real gallery. The next year I had a one-man show.

I came through the show unscathed except for the astonishing assumption that I was a humorist. I wasn't trying to be funny but everyone thought I was. I was painting cows and cows at that time because somehow I felt very near to the cow. Besides I thought I understood the animal. You see I was born, judging by the Japanese calendar, in a "cow year." According to legend I believed my fate to



RIGHT: Yasuo Kuniyoshi: *Girl with Feathered Hat*. Oil, 1935. 18 x 24 inches. Collection Mrs. James McClintock. BELOW: Yasuo Kuniyoshi: *Still Life*. Oil, 1930. Given an Honorable Mention at the Carnegie International, Pittsburgh, in 1931



be guided, more or less, by the bovine kingdom. Also I was interested in the cow because I thought it decorative as well as ugly and so I painted cows constantly until I was exhausted.

Following that I turned to babies. People think that babies are beautiful, but I thought otherwise and so I painted babies and babies.

Many one-man exhibitions followed this one. As a matter of fact I conscientiously had a show every year for about eight years at the Daniel Gallery but I mention the initial one because it was a high spot in my career.

Frequent exhibitions in themselves were not sufficiently remunerative, so I had to turn to something more substan-

tial to keep me going. I don't know why but I chose photography as a way of earning a living. I bought a regular studio camera and practiced taking pictures by using my own canvases as models. Photography agreed with me for I learned quickly and in between painting I received commissions from friends and galleries for photographing sculpture and painting. The winters were spent in this fashion and in the summer I devoted my time to painting in Ogunquit.

In 1925 and again in 1928 after my pictures had begun to sell we went abroad. There I admired and studied the old masters and traveled widely to see them. I was impressed by French contemporaries, especially for their keen understanding of their medium. I was excited about the things

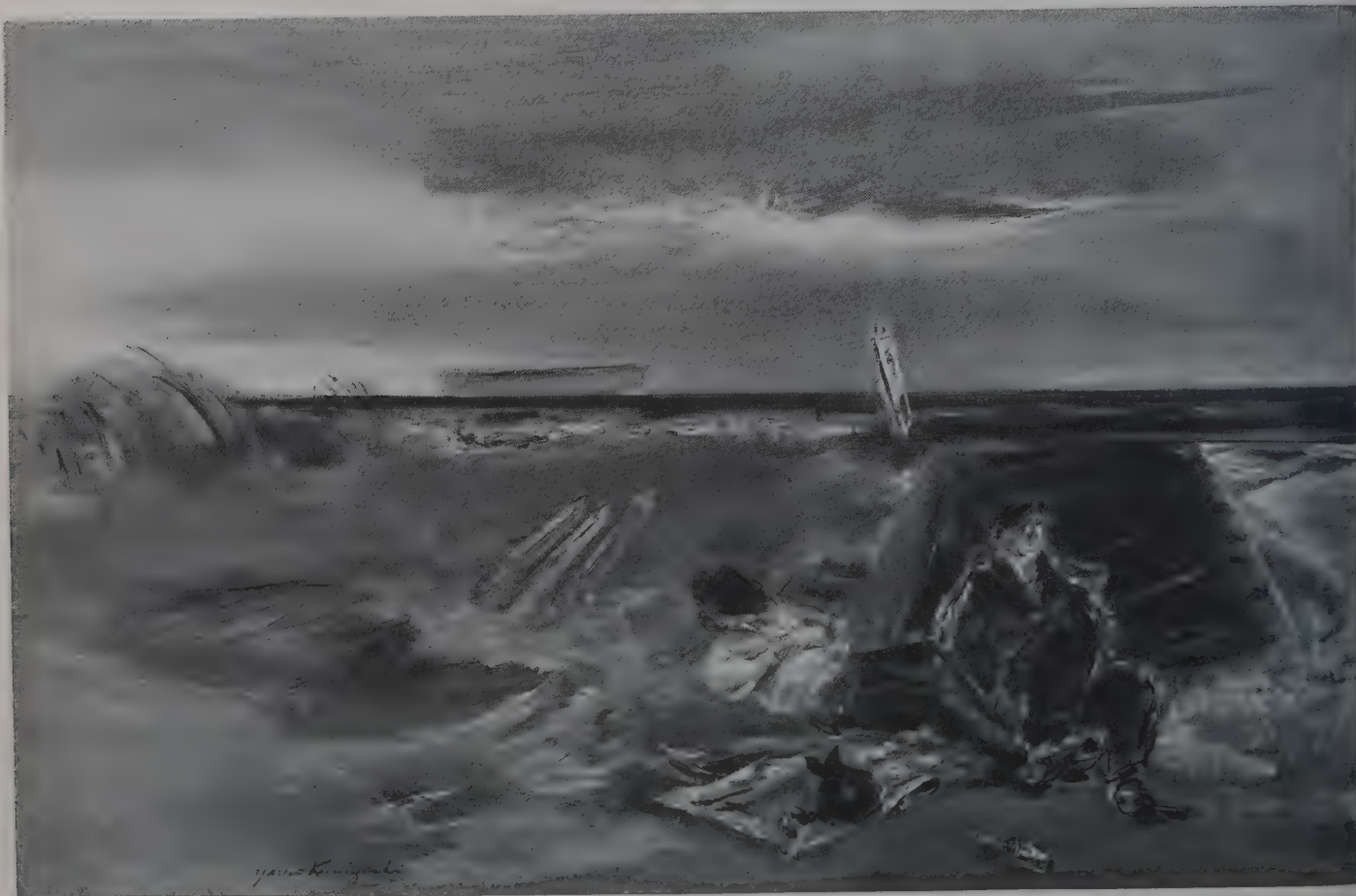


Yasuo Kuniyoshi: *Fruit on Table*. Oil, 1932. 20 x 36



Yasuo Kuniyoshi: Two Worlds. Oil, 1939. 40 x 24 inches

Yasuo Kuniyoshi: Pie in the Sky. Gouache, 1939. 32 x 18 inches





RIGHT: Yasuo Kuniyoshi: *Waiting*. Oil, 1938.
38 x 46 inches. Collection Herman Shulman

BELOW: Yasuo Kuniyoshi: *Deserted Brickyard*.
Oil, 1938. 40 x 32 inches. Artist's collection





Yasuo Kuniyoshi: *Squash. Pencil and Ink, 1924. 20 x 16 inches*

I saw, but in spite of persuasion on the part of Pascin and several other friends to stay longer in France, I was terribly glad to get back to New York. I found much to admire in French painters. There are so many little artists here, so few real painters. There they had so many fine painters.

The trip proved a great stimulus, enlarging my scope and vision. Almost everybody on the other side was painting directly from the object, something I hadn't done all these years. It was rather difficult to change my approach since up to then I had painted almost entirely from imagination and my memories of the past.

Throughout these many years of painting I have practiced starting my work from reality stating the facts before me. Then I paint without the object for a certain length of time, combining reality and imagination.

I have often obtained in painting directly from the object that which appears to be real results at the very first shot, but when that does happen, I purposely destroy what I have accomplished and re-do it over and over again. In other words that which comes easily I distrust. When I have condensed and simplified sufficiently I know then that I have something more than reality.

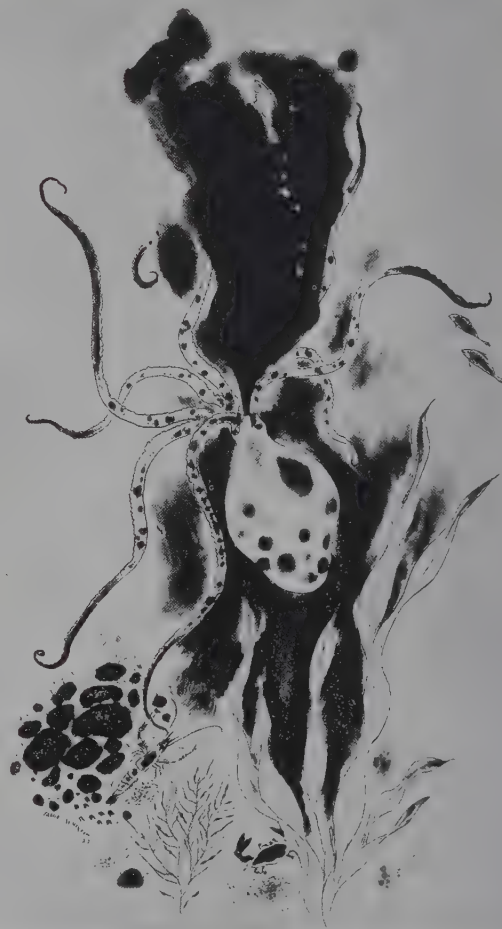
A word I often use is "felt," the meaning of which I try to get across in my painting. To me it means the realization of facts. For instance when painting a floor I want that floor to be a floor. Whatever object I am painting I try to realize its relation point by point; the relation of myself to the object, and in the same way, point by point, the relation of the object to the background so as to make this object exist in space.

Comments upon the object or the fact of the object are not sufficient elements for a full expression. Each artist has to face the forces of nature and mould them together with his experience in order to create drama. Drama takes on different expressions according to the time and place.

I spend a long time drawing from the object although I never make a composition in smaller scale no matter how

large a canvas I am working on. I start drawing right on the canvas, working very carefully at the beginning for the painting, and develop the drawing until it fully suggests the subject. This enables me to carry on with the painting without the object in front of me.

As time goes on colors take on a new significance. I don't use as many colors as I used to, but try more precisely to paint, in relation to color, so as to produce more color without using many colors. For luminosity I build a darker color on top of a lighter color. I believe in glazing to achieve depth and transparency of color.



Yasuo Kuniyoshi: *Octopus. Pen and Ink, 1922. 12 x 20 inches*

I like to start as many canvases as I can during the summer. I carry them to a certain point so that when I start working on them again, usually back in New York in the winter, it means about six months have elapsed since I originally started the canvas. Therefore I sometimes have about a dozen canvases going at the same time. I never paint over, even a small area, if there are changes to be made. Instead I always scrape down to the canvas and rebuild again.

There are numerous problems that beset the artist in his work. Consciously or unconsciously each artist tries to solve them. Lately I have come to the stage where I actually take a problem and try to solve it. For instance I was interested in painting a dark object within the dark. In order to carry this out successfully it may take me several years. Once accom-

plished to my satisfaction, however, it becomes an integral part of me, enabling me to go on to another problem.

. . .

ALL DURING MY stay in this country father and I exchanged letters frequently, in all of which he pleaded for my return. My answer had always been that I was not quite ready. Inside of me was the hope that some day I might reach the point where father could be truly proud of me. When that time came I would want to go back to visit him.

In the summer of 1931 I received a hurried call from Japan. Father had grown old and was ailing and he wanted to see me. With the financial aid of friends I decided to make the trip before it was too late. Opportunely the Japanese newspaper Osaka Mai Nichi enriched my trip by sponsoring a one-man exhibition of my work in Tokyo and Osaka.

I left my wife in Woodstock in October of the same year and arrived in Tokyo in November. My homecoming was a big event. The newspapers gave me a grand ovation making me feel like a prodigal son.

Many events were crowded into that short period. Father

and I rejoiced at seeing one another and he was proud of my exhibition, which was very well received, although it was thought to be too European. As a matter of fact I had a hard time convincing my compatriots that there was such a thing as American art.

I enjoyed coming back to Japan but found it difficult to adjust myself after being away for so long. I felt strange and unnatural. I no longer belonged.

I sailed back in February 1932 firmly convinced that my adopted home was my home. I left deeply gratified that I had seen father for I knew how much it meant to him to see me grown and making a way for myself.

Perhaps his last wish granted he felt there was nothing more to live for. Just a few days out, before reaching Hawaii, I received a radio message telling me of his death. A year later mother also died. The deepest tie with my native land had been broken.

Once again I touched the shores of my childhood dreams, this time greeted by friends and delighted to be back in a land that no longer seemed strange.

In 1935 I was married for the second time. The Guggen-



Yasuo Kuniyoshi: *Before the Act*. Lithograph, 1932. Published in an edition of forty prints

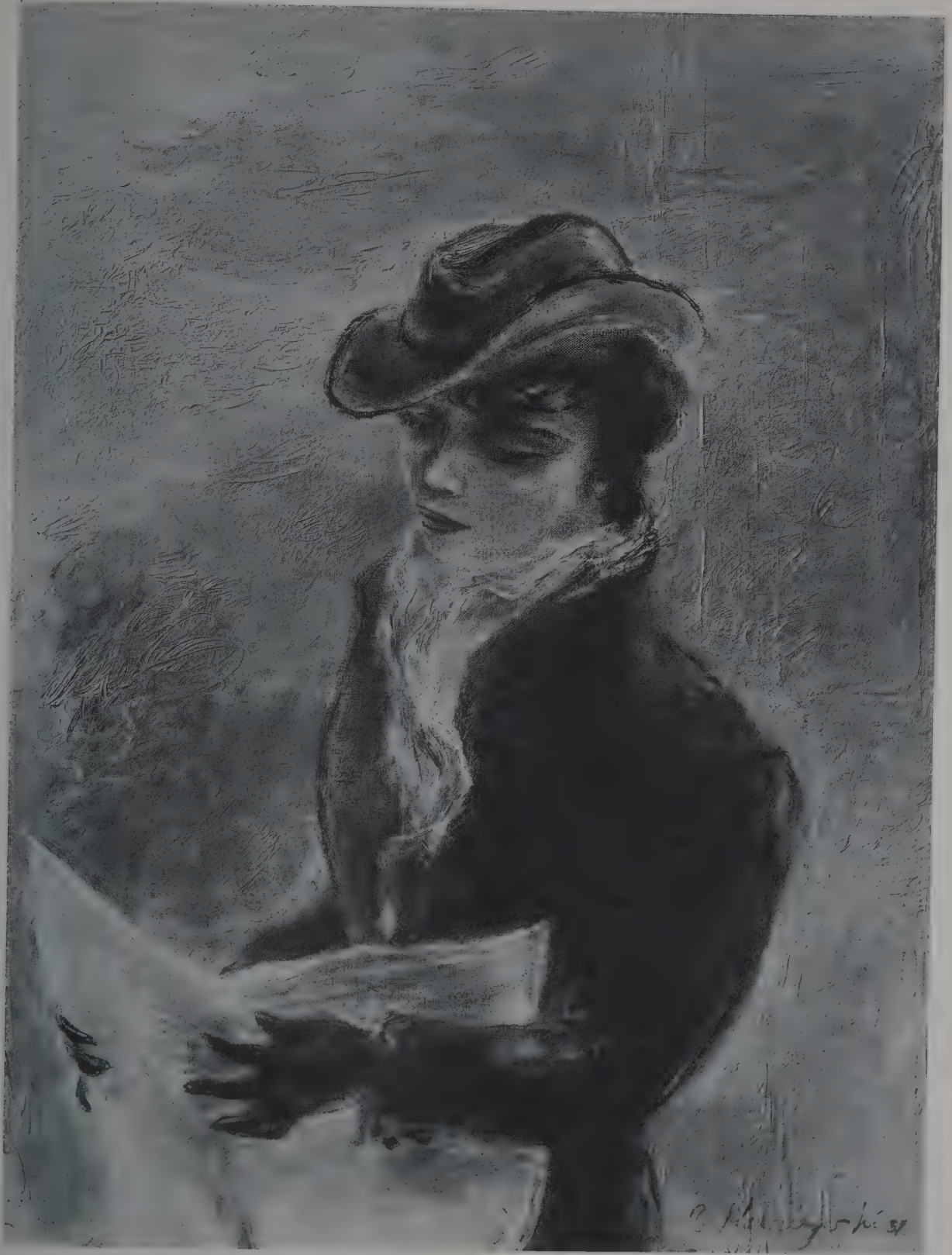


Yasuo Kuniyoshi: Girl Thinking, Oil, 1935. 45 x 60 inches

heim Fellowship awarded to me in that year enabled us to go to Mexico where I painted and sketched for several months. I continue to spend my summers in Woodstock while in the winter I teach at the Art Students' League and the New School for Social Research in New York.

In reviewing the last few years there has been a tremendous awakening of American art. Witness the opening of new gal-

leries and museums all over the country; art books counted among the best sellers; thousands going to see the Picasso show at the Museum of Modern Art; mural commissions assigned to every type of American painter and allocated to prominent public buildings; artists' organizations being born to coordinate the various cultural activities; all signs pointing to the great strides made in arousing interest in American art.



Yasuo Kuniyoshi: Picking a Horse. Oil, 1937. 12 x 16 inches. Private collection

More than anything else the WPA Federal Art Project and the Section of Fine Arts, have been responsible for this activity and cultural advancement and for establishing the beginnings of a great American art.

From all this it might be gathered that the American artist is sitting on top of the world. Sadly enough there are only about a handful or so of artists to my knowledge who

are able to live on their work alone. The trumpet calls are loud, heralding a new era in art, but as yet flash bulbs, loud speakers and print are not negotiable at the grocery store.

The art of a nation to reach the height of the Renaissance must be a vital and wanted commodity fortified and nourished not only by the select few but by all, not with interest alone, but with real support.



Architectural decoration in the form of an axe-shaped stone, representing a human face with tattooing, Totonac style. In the region of Vera Cruz and southern Mexico there flourished between about 800 to 1200 A.D. a comparatively little known art style of which this is an excellent example. Curious yoke-shaped stones and "palmate" stone from this region are carved in a style having many indigenous elements and many from the Valley of Mexico and the Maya country. Lent by the Cranbrook Academy of Art, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART AT THE FOGG

AMERICA'S INDIGENOUS ARTISTIC heritage is as old as the start of the Christian era in the Eastern world. The Mayas were building the temple at Uaxactun in Guatemala when the Christians were building basilicas in Rome. In the fourteen hundreds, while the Aztecs were building the great temple to the God of War in Mexico City, the Christians were building the Cathedral at Rouen. Contemplation of Pre-Columbian art not only enlarges the range of art appreciation, but emphasizes the familiar point that a cultural background quite different from our own can produce works of art comparable to those of still alien but now better known art traditions, like the

Egyptian, the Near Eastern, or the early Chinese. The exhibition of Pre-Columbian art now presented at the Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge, with the cooperation of the Peabody Museum, pays tribute to the magnificent artistic heritage of the Americas.

Our knowledge of the Pre-Columbian peoples comes from several kinds of sources. The earliest are the manuscripts of the peoples themselves, painted with the hieroglyphic writings on deerskin or maguey fibre. Later, the Spanish arrived and the accounts of the early Spanish missionaries and military men were written. In the nineteenth century explorers and travelers like Stephens recorded their im-

Standing figure, probably representing a standard bearer. Aztec style, 1300-1500 A.D. Note that the law of frontality is observed and that the head is very large in proportion to the body. These are typical characteristics of Pre-Columbian Art. Lent by the National Museum of Mexico





Onyx vase in the shape of a rabbit, probably from Vera Cruz State. The rabbit was the god of drunkenness among the Ancient Mexicans. It is believed this was a pulque jar. Lent by the Peabody Museum, Cambridge

pressions of their journeys in Mexico and Central America. Modern times have brought the trained archeologist who attempts by stratigraphy to recreate history and by analysis from every angle to reconstruct from all kinds of material the civilization he investigates.

While much important work has been accomplished, there still are unsolved many important problems. Fortunately the governments of the countries in Middle and South America are alert to the situation and are carrying on work of their own and cooperating with other institutions in most successful investigations.

The origins of these high civilizations are located somewhere within the area where the present remains are found. There is no evidence of a cultural origin outside of the New World. The Asiatic cast of countenance seen in much of the sculpture is due to the fact that the early ancestors of these people, together with the forebears of all the American Indians, were of the so-called Mongolian race and came across

the Bering Strait with a hunting culture. The fundamental bases of higher culture in the New World are thought to have had multiple origins, which precludes the selection of any single area as a center of dispersal. In the Valley of Mexico the stratigraphical sequence is Archaic, Toltec, Aztec; the Mexican coastal cultures are related to the two earlier of these. The Maya has an archaic background and shows influence from Mexico both at the beginning and the end of its history. The Isthmian cultures show influences both from the Maya and from those of South America. The Andean remains suggest a group of related developments founded on the same basic American economy, with many general and few specific similarities to those of Middle America.

Stratigraphy in Mexico gives us approximate dates for this region. The elaborate system of dated inscriptions of the Maya is sufficient within itself, but the difficulty is in attaching the system to Christian chronology. There

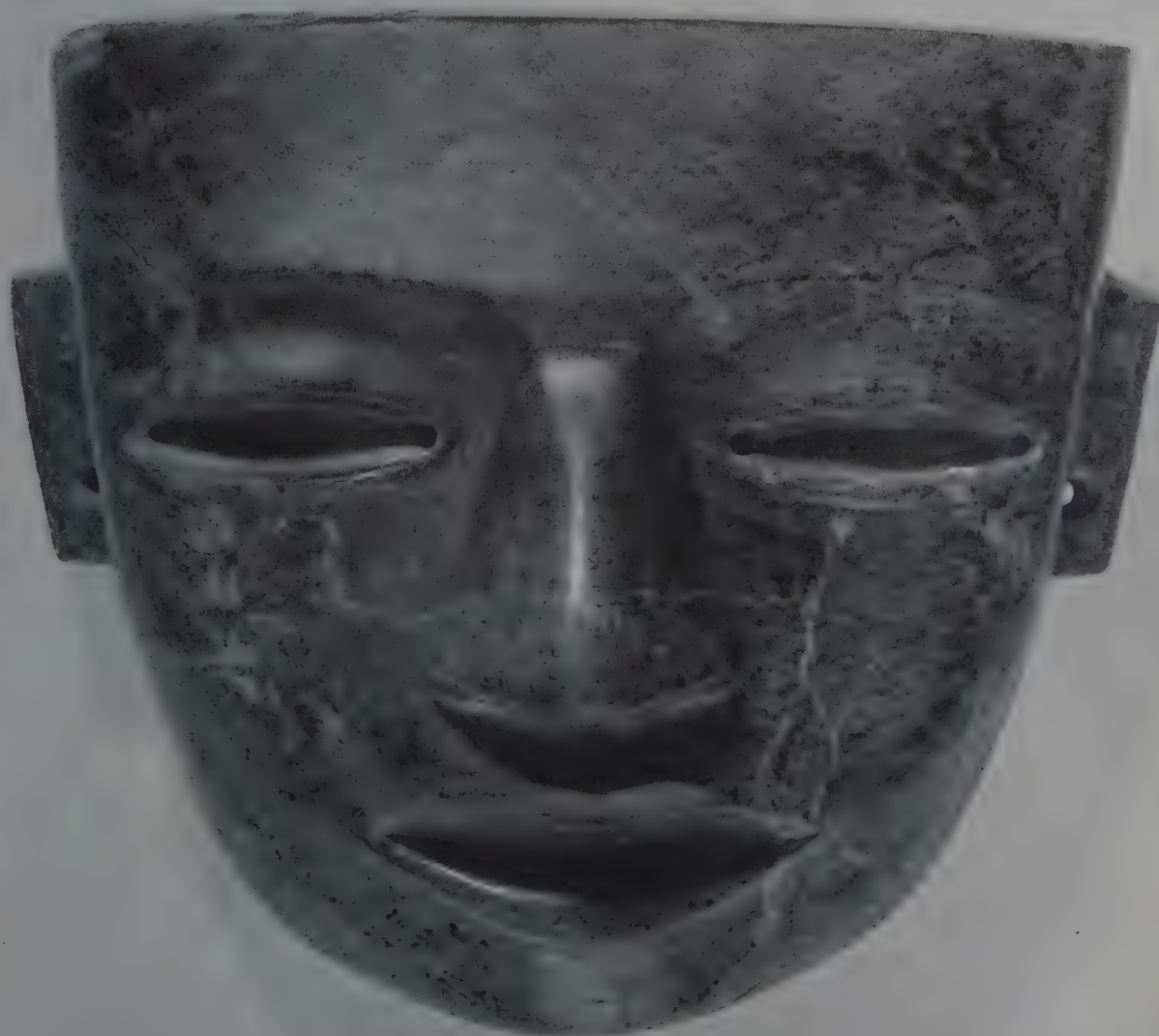
are two correlations recognized at present, the Goodman-Teeple-Thompson and the Spinden. The former is, in general, used in the present exhibition. (The latter is two hundred and sixty years earlier.) The earliest date now recognized is about one hundred and sixty A.D. Chronology in the Andean area is as yet only relative, the end-date of the Spanish conquest being the only unquestionable fixture. Inca dynastic history and earlier culture sequences suggest that the earliest known periods in Peru, obviously far from their ultimate origins, may be placed in the first five or six centuries, A.D.

Investigations tell us that the Aztecs were far on their way to a monarchy. The Mayas had a theocracy with the priestly class holding sway. The Incas had a highly socialistic state with monarchical rule. The art-styles of Pre-Columbian America are as diverse as those of any other

large area, such as the Mediterranean Basin. The origins of Pre-Columbian objects are in some cases as far as four thousand miles apart; fifteen hundred years separate the earliest object from the latest.

About the things made by these peoples we know, for example, that in Mexico the temple was generally of wood, erected on a terraced pyramid; and that the Mayas had elaborate stone temples on pyramids and stone buildings, highly decorated and often containing many rooms. In neither case was the pyramid an end in itself as it was among the Egyptians. In the Andean area massive terraced platforms and pyramids of adobe are found on the coast. Structures of well-fitted cut stones, sometimes of enormous size, are characteristic of the highlands. In the Isthmian and Colombian regions, wood and thatch buildings, admirably suited to the environment, have not endured.

Jadeite mask, about life size. Late Toltec period, Mexico. An unusually fine example never exhibited before in the United States. Such masks, it is thought, were hung ceremonially around the necks of deities. Lent by the American Museum of Natural History





Yoke of the Totonac style in bright green jade. It measures about three feet long by two feet wide, is considered the finest known specimen. The use of these curiously carved yokes, found in Vera Cruz and southern Mexico is unknown. There are several different theories. One is that they are a kind of ceremonial belt; another, that they were used as an altar in human sacrifices; still a third maintains that they had some connection with burial rites. ABOVE: The whole yoke. BELOW: Detail of the central head. Lent to the Fogg Art Museum by Joseph Brummer





Jadeite figure from southern Mexico. Olmec style. Height 9.7 inches. Date uncertain. Mongolian features in this art style have led many to see a connection with Chinese art; the presence of jade in the New World has led others to the same conclusion. Archeologists, however, believe any Asiatic influence remote; chemical analysis shows that American jadeite and Asiatic jade are of different composition. Lent by the Dumbarton Oaks Collection

Since no object of Pre-Columbian art is signed, the artists must remain anonymous. However, it is likely that there were craft guilds in the Valley of Mexico and among the Incas, such as metal workers, workers in feathers, wood carvers, mosaic workers and potters, and certain centers were known for the excellence of their specialties.

Metal for tools was practically unknown in the New World before the coming of the white man. Pre-Columbian artists had only stone hammers, chisels, axes and blades similar to those of Neolithic Europe. Many of the simplifications of Pre-Columbian art are traceable to the necessity of carving even the hardest rock with stone tools. In addition they had reed drills used with sand to bore holes. With this crude equipment the artists worked with even the most difficult stones, such as obsidian, jade, and quartz, producing small objects which rival those from China in fineness of workmanship. The jadeite which was one of their most valued stones is of local origin; chemical analysis shows that it has no connection with Asiatic jade.

The sculpture in the round has the quality of rigid composure notable in other archaic sculpture, whether due to hieratic conception or to technical limitations. The figures have strong three-dimensional quality; there is comparatively little freedom of movement except in the smallest pieces. Details are kept simple with no undercutting, in the art of the Valley of Mexico where there is an especially hard lava stone; but there is luxuriant decoration in the Maya region, where the artists had a soft limestone to carve.

In proportion the heads on Pre-Columbian figures are unusually large; the ratio of four and one-half to one is not unusual, and the hands and feet are also large in proportion. For the most part the law of frontality, followed also in Egyptian art, is characteristic of Pre-Columbian sculpture in the round. Where quarter positions are attempted the transition is abrupt. The relief sculpture in the Valley of Mexico where there is hard stone is cut only in shallow relief and relies for its effect largely on vivacity of outline. It is in many cases closely allied with manuscript style. In the

Serpent of hard polished black rock. Aztec period. Lent by the National Museum of Mexico





Pottery vase with engraved design representing a jaguar. Yucatan, Maya culture. Lent by the Peabody Museum, Cambridge

pieces from the Maya region there is a marked tendency to overcrowding which at first confuses the beholder with its elaboration.

All archeological evidence points to an autochthonous New World development of metallurgy. Simple hammered gold is found in the earliest periods in Peru, followed by the use of other metals and more advanced techniques and the practical use of metals in later periods. True bronze was known only in the Andean area. The most important centers for metal work were Mexico, the Isthmus of Panama and northwestern Colombia (the Quimbaya region), and the Andean area to the south, including the northwest Argentine. The Mayas were not metal workers and objects of this material found in their area were imported in trade.

The ancient Peruvians were acquainted with all the known hand-weaving techniques. Threads of extreme fine-

ness, up to two hundred to an inch, were hand-spun of cotton and the wool of the alpaca, llama, or vicuna; these materials were used singly or in combination. Particular decorative techniques were fashionable at different times and in different localities, for example, embroidery in the Early Nasca and Paracas cultures, tapestry in the Coastal Tiahuanaco.

The loan exhibition at the Fogg Museum brings together some two hundred objects; including work in the various materials and styles here so briefly mentioned. The reproductions, chiefly of stone sculptures, cannot represent the whole range of the display, but they do suggest its dominant note. Several important collections in the United States and the National Museum of Mexico have lent to the exhibition, in some cases pieces never before publicly shown.—

FREDERICK R. PLEASANTS



P. WILSON STEER, O. M.: CHEPSTOW. OIL, 1936. COLLECTION H. M. THE QUEEN

BRITISH PAINTING SINCE 1900

BY JOHN ROTHENSTEIN

THE ASTONISHING SPLENDOR of French painting during the past century, and the prestige of French, or more precisely, Parisian esthetic theories, have so dazzled the western world as to bring about a disposition to under-rate the painting of other nations. Outside the United States, for example, the work of such masters as Thomas Eakins, Albert Pinkham Ryder and Winslow Homer is virtually unknown; and there are a number of living American painters whose work deserves more attention in Europe than it receives. The outbreak of peace, I earnestly hope, will shortly be followed by a representative exhibition of American art in London.

Painting in Great Britain has had a strange and fitful history. From the seventh century to the twelfth, for instance, the great schools of Lindisfarne, Winchester, and Canterbury gave English painting a foremost place in western Europe; yet for almost two centuries—from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth—it virtually

ceased to exist. England has produced great painters, but only a tenuous tradition.

By the eighteen-eighties the impetus of Pre-Raphaelitism, that passionate fusion of realism and medieval romanticism was almost spent. The two outstanding English painters of the time, Watts and Burne-Jones, were concerned with the past rather than the future. The more ambitious students, eager to find a pictorial language in closer accord with the facts of vision, were drawn to Paris in increasing numbers. In Paris, though it was not taught in the schools, these students came in contact with Impressionism, at that time the most influential movement in western art, a movement which had as its chief objectives generalization of color and form and the realistic rendering of light. In the inspiration of this movement, incidentally, the English painters Constable, Turner, and Bonington played a decisive part, as the French Impressionists themselves were proud to claim. For the first time for decades British painting began to swim into the mainstream of the European tradition. For the younger generation of British painters the most inspiring

living figure was that vivid New England genius, James McNeill Whistler, who though he began his career in Paris was finally drawn to the misty, romantic Thameside which he rendered with such incomparable beauty and understanding. By his example and the advocacy of an exquisite but annihilating pen he unthroned the narrative picture and put in its place a new realism, characterized by faultless taste, and based upon the meticulous selection from nature of the most harmonious tones and forms.

The Paris-trained forces and the adherents of Whistler

presently amalgamated in an organization, the New English Art Club. This was in 1886. The event instantly brought about a quickening in the artistic life of the country: controversy raged about the Club's exhibitions as it had not raged for generations, and for a quarter of a century the most distinguished artistic talent in the country was enlisted in its ranks.

The painter longest and most closely associated with the New English is Wilson Steer. Failing to gain admission as a student to the Royal Academy Schools, Steer went to



VICTOR PASMORE: GIRL WITH
A BAG. OIL. COLLECTION SIR
KENNETH CLARK, K.C.B.



Above: SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN: OAK-RIDGE FARM — LATE SUMMER. OIL. COLLECTION BIRMINGHAM CITY ART GALLERY. *Right:* AUGUSTUS JOHN: DORELIA AND DAVID IN NORMANDY, OIL. COLLECTION E. M. B. INGRAM



JOHN NASH: THE DESERTED SHEEP-PEN. OIL. COLLECTION THE ARTIST



CHRISTOPHER WOOD:
THE YELLOW MAN,
OIL. COLLECTION OF
BRINSLEY FORD



W. R. SICKERT: OFF TO THE PUB. COLLECTION ALFRED JOWETT

Paris. Here, innately conservative though he was, the lesson the Impressionists were teaching was gradually borne in upon him. On his return to England he looked with fresh eyes on the paintings of Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner, and these from that time on became his masters. Steer's principal achievement has been the grafting of Impressionism on to the great tradition of English landscape painting and its infusion with new life.

In contrast to Steer, Walter Richard Sickert is primarily interested in man and his works. It is a humane, although often sardonic interest, stimulated early in life by his association with Degas. To Whistler Sickert owes the training of a naturally fine taste and of a predilection for low tones. Among Sickert's most characteristic qualities is his inclusion in his art of many things which to commonplace eyes seem drab and vulgar. Sickert does not create a "better" or a "more beautiful" world; he opens your eyes to the beauty and the drama on your doorstep.

In essentials Charles Conder was temperamentally the reverse of Sickert. Here was a man able to transmute the most sombre and forbidding scenes into radiant visions from the Arabian Nights. At their best these exquisite, opalescent visions justify the unbounded admiration which they inspired in Anquetin and Toulouse-Lautrec.

A junior member of the group was Sir William Rothenstein, my father, who received his earliest recognition from Whistler and Degas. Passing in his student years from a delicate Whistlerian romanticism to a vivid impressionism, Rothenstein presently began to manifest his own austere but luminous vision, which springs from an intense awareness of the drama of life and an uncompromising search for underlying form. Strongly affected by Rothenstein's "interiors" and still more by Whistler's low, silvery tones, was Ambrose McEvoy, son of an officer in the Southern army, who settled in England after the Confederacy's defeat. McEvoy quickly showed his sensibility and skill in a series of dimly-lit "interiors," but during the years prior to the World War he devoted himself to a long series of portraits of fashionable ladies. In these the likeness emerges from a maelstrom of audacious, exquisitely colored brush strokes.

Another portrait painter, also associated with the New English group, was Sir William Nicholson, who adhered even more closely than McEvoy to the Whistler tradition, which he carried on with rare accomplishment and taste. Mention must also be made of Ethel Walker, who applies with delicate perception a modified Impressionist convention to the rendering of arcadian subjects.

The New English Art Club from its inception was closely associated with the Slade, the art school of London University. This famous nursery of talent was now to perpetuate the Club's influence, and to produce successive generations of extraordinarily gifted painters.

Before 1900 the realistic movement began to slacken on the Continent. The Post-Impressionists, van Gogh, Gauguin and above all Cézanne, had already begun their transformation of the art of Europe. But by the influence of these men the Slade students of the early nineteen hundreds were as yet scarcely touched. Inspired by Augustus John and less immediately by Conder, a richly romantic movement blossomed. John, an astonishing draftsman even as a student, painted gypsies and vagabonds, and evoked a vision magnificent yet tantalizingly incomplete, of the unfettered life that had managed somehow to survive from a less conventional and law-abiding age. These fiercely independent figures of John's are often set in landscapes as romantic as themselves. As a landscape painter John had close affiliations with James Dickson Innes and the Australian Derwent Lees. The three of them produced a vividly dramatic and personal group of small, intensely-colored interpretations of lakes and mountains. Perhaps the most naturally gifted painter of the time, John has tried his hand with success, beside figure painting and drawing, at mural painting, portraiture and etching. His greatest gift is for brilliant improvisation. Closely linked with John in his early days was Sir William Orpen who, though his vision was less original, became a painter of portraits which show outstanding skill and power of characterization.

At the end of the first decade of the century it seemed as though the pioneers of the New English, and a succession of brilliant Slade students who had grown up under their guidance, had established a tradition admirably suited to

the expression of the British vision. In 1910 there took place an event which changed almost overnight the aspect of British art. This was the Post-Impressionist exhibition, whereby artists and public alike received the first violent impact of the revolution, of which Cézanne was the prime mover, which had already begun to profoundly alter the course of western painting. The result of the exhibition was to enhance the prestige of the conceptual as opposed to the perceptual vision, and to identify British painting more closely than ever before with Continental practice. Of the many talented painters whom this transformation inspired, the most characteristic perhaps was Duncan Grant, whose peculiar combination of scholarship with decorative powers allies him to Matisse.

Hard upon the heels of the Post-Impressionist came the Cubist movement. Because of his surpassing brilliance as a writer, the painting of Wyndham Lewis—Cubism's

first and most important English exponent—has not been sufficiently regarded. Its stark and flamelike forms reveal the dynamic power of the savage and the intelligence of highly civilized man.

By the outbreak of the World War British painting had moved far along the road towards abstraction. But the war itself showed that the creation of "significant form" was not necessarily the ultimate objective. Rid, at last, of any obligation to deal with the actual world, British painting had become paradoxically an instrument purified, toughened, and ideally prepared to tackle the inspiring subjects offered by the theatres of war.

It is doubtful whether even in Great Britain full recognition has yet been given either to the intrinsic importance of the achievements of the war artists, or to their fruitful influence on the development of British art.

(Continued on page 130)



GILBERT SPENCER: THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT, WATER COLOR, ARTIST'S COLLECTION

WALTER PISTON: AMERICAN COMPOSER

BY GEORGE HENRY LOVETT SMITH

THE STATE OF MAINE has given birth to many poets and authors, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Edwin Arlington Robinson among the rest; but composers have sprung only rarely from her parent soil. John Knowles Paine who founded the Division of Music at Harvard University comes to mind as a composer of some merit. But Walter Piston, perhaps her most distinguished master of the tonal art, is the exception rather than the rule, because his grandfather came to Rockland by way of the Mediterranean Sea and the Straits of Gibraltar, shortening his name from the tell-tale Pistone—a Latin epithet that probably gave rise to Yankee disfavor, for the sons of Aeneas were often held in disdain by the sons of the northern sea. The arrival of the Pistones in America is shrouded in mystery. Legend is obliging and will summon up at will a sea captain cast away on the shores of Penobscot Bay or a modest sailor driven far off the Newfoundland Banks by a relentless east wind and obliged to desert his smack for the land of freedom and the home of bravery.

Whatever the condition of the arrival, a fundamentally adventurous spirit cannot be denied this voyager who settled down in Rockland and married a native daughter of his new fatherland, thus establishing a precedent for his American descendants. His grandson, Walter Hammer Piston, Jr., was born in Rockland on January 20, 1894, and lived there until his eleventh year. Music was neither one of his childhood pleasures nor bugaboos; there was no piano in the house and no practising or study of other instruments. Indeed it was not until 1911 that he took any serious interest in music. In that year, at the age of eighteen, while a student at the Mechanic Arts High School in Boston, he began the study of the violin. Music occupied an increasing importance in his career from that time on, for he supported himself principally by his solo and concerted efforts in dance halls, restaurants and theatres—playing the piano, in which he was self-taught, as well as the violin.

During the summer of 1912 he worked as draftsman for the Boston Elevated Railway. To his lasting glory let it be stated that Walter Piston had a part, however slight, in the development of the "articulated" car, a landmark in the growth of trolley engineering. As the story goes, the Boston Elevated was in need of modern equipment to replace its antiquated one-truck cars, so a way was found to combine two cars with what was familiarly called a "kitchen" in the middle where the conductor could officiate, gathering his fares and calling out the names of the stops. On these novel demons of the depths of the earth, its surface, and the sky, the future composer labored until he enrolled in the Massachusetts Normal Art School where he studied with Joseph De Camp, Ernest Major and other men of distinction in this temporarily chosen field.

Upon his graduation in 1916 he renewed his study of the violin with the elevated intention of playing in the

Boston Symphony Orchestra. His teachers, Fiumara, Winternitz, and the veteran assistant concert master of the Orchestra—Jules Theodorowicz—were a living inspiration to the young man and testimony of the distinction and security afforded by an opulent desk in such a first-class orchestra as the Boston Symphony. Continuation of these studies and that of piano with Harris Shaw were suddenly disturbed by the entry of the United States into the last war.

This young man from Maine had always had a natural affection for the sea, and he tried at once to enter the navy as a bandsman. When he enlisted, however, he was chagrined to find that he was required to mention the name of the band instrument that he proposed to play. He had never played the saxophone, but, thinking it a reasonable possibility, he listed it on his application blank and was immediately accepted. On the same day he bought a saxophone and borrowed an instruction book on the recondite problem of saxophone technique from the Boston Public Library. He was admitted to the aeronautics division then stationed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology across the Charles River in Cambridge, where he played in the band and the orchestra, occasionally conducting the former. After the novelty had worn off and the shattering impact of four ill-played and consistently ill-tuned horns had nearly deafened him, he tried to make a polite exit by means of transfer to the ensign school. His musicianship was so valuable to the band, however, that this attempt failed and he remained a "second class musician" until his discharge at the end of the war. The rating of "second class musician" was, according to Mr. Piston, "purely technical."

All this time he had been continuing his study of the violin, and in 1919 he was given an opportunity of realizing his ambition by an event of far-reaching consequences for the city of Boston—the strike of the members of its famous orchestra then under the conductorship of Pierre Monteux.

Striking for the right to join the musicians' union, a number of the men permanently left the orchestra which to this day has remained free from the hampering interference of union dictatorship. Numerous vacancies had to be filled at once and Piston was one of the logical prospects. But at this critical moment the innate independence of his State of Maine ancestry counseled him with a still but certain voice that his destiny lay in pursuing his own course and not in obeying the dictates of other musicians—capable, but not necessarily more capable than himself.

This was the most important decision in Piston's career up to this time, and one which he has not regretted. Its importance cannot be underestimated, for it gave him both a definite course to follow and confidence in his ability to choose the right one. From this twenty-fifth year onward there is no question of the direction of his life and work: after once envisioning the essential character of his spirit, he had placed

CONCERTO FOR ORCHESTRA

Allegro moderato ma energico ($\text{♩} = 88-92$)

I

Walter Piston 1933

The image shows the first page of the manuscript of Walter Piston's Concerto for Orchestra. The score is written for a full orchestra and includes parts for the following instruments: Flutes, Oboes, English Horn, Clarinets in Bb, Bass Clarinet, Bassoons, Contrabassoon, Horns in F, Trumpets in C, Trombones, Bass Tuba, Timpani, Piano/forte, Violins I and II, Viola, Cello, and Bass. The tempo is marked "Allegro moderato ma energico" with a metronome marking of 88-92 beats per minute. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The score is marked with "f" (forte) and "a2" (second ending). The first page ends with a "Continued on page 126" note.

FIRST PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF WALTER PISTON'S CONCERTO FOR ORCHESTRA

himself upon the track that he has followed constantly and without divergence.

At once he enrolled as a special student in the Division of Music at Harvard University with the intention of studying counterpoint. Dr. Archibald T. Davison noted his ability and the wisdom of his choice, and prevailed upon him to

pursue his theoretical studies at Harvard. This was in 1919. From 1920 to 1924 Piston continued his studies at the University as a regular undergraduate. He must, however, have been exceedingly active, for besides conducting the Pierian Sodality, Harvard's University Orchestra, he assisted the professors in several courses and actually took charge of the

(Continued on page 126)



KENNETH HAYES MILLER: CITY STREET. IN THE CURRENT ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT THE WHITNEY MUSEUM

THE WHITNEY'S ENLARGED ANNUAL

BY MARGARET BREUNING

THE WHITNEY MUSEUM having built itself "more stately mansions" recently, has filled them with its 1940 annual of contemporary American art—paintings, sculpture, water colors, prints, mounting to two hundred and sixty-two items admirably presented through the many galleries. Although the roster of exhibitors is changed from year to year to allow of a more varied representation of contemporary work, there are few actual débuts on the current listing while certain hardy perennials continue to flourish in each succeeding exhibition. Consequently these annuals do not represent a real cross section of contemporary work, but rather a definitely provincial segment of the art world: New York and its environs—particularly the suburb of Woodstock.

We all know that there are no real local "schools," or any great divergences in regional art. Yet the stimulation of fresh, unfamiliar work, often received from some unknown painter in a small gallery exhibition, would lend zest to museum shows and indicate some measure of the widespread distribution of talent throughout the country. Since the striking characteristic of American art is its individual expression and not its conformity to any particular artistic credo, there

is always the sporting chance of a "find" in admitting new artists to group exhibitions.

Painting is by far the most important medium in the current show, constituting the best exhibit of paintings the Whitney has ever held and displaying a wide range of approach and execution. Figure pieces occupy so important a position in this section that it is difficult to realize that a comparatively few years ago landscapes were the main preoccupation of the American artist.

While there is little new talent there is a pleasing variation in the work of many well known artists. Guy Pène du Bois seems completely to have escaped his tendency to wooden figures and strident color in his canvas, *Portia Lebrun*, which has a beautiful fluency of modeling and bodily rhythms and a refinement of color pattern. Ernest Fiene has temporarily, at least, forsaken his geometrically correct landscapes for a figure piece, *Refugees*, which is not thoroughly realized yet has a poignancy of personal emotion never felt before in his work. George Biddle's *Abigail* has none of this artist's usual burlesque of form, but is a soundly constructed figure, not only appealing because of its childish charm but, further, for its sense of substance of reality, vitality of gesture, and charm of arrangement. Dorothy Varian's canvas, *The Champ*



LAWRENCE BEALL SMITH:
THEATER MAGIC. LITHO-
GRAPH. AT THE WHITNEY



SYMEON SHIMIN: SKETCH
FOR A MURAL. CRAYON
AND WASH. IN THE WHIT-
NEY MUSEUM'S ANNUAL



GUY PENE DU BOIS: PORTIA LEBRUN. OIL, 1939. AT THE WHITNEY

is certainly a complete departure from her previous seductions of color in landscape and still-life; its harsh, yellow light and the sharp green of the table cover are curiously reflected in the face of the proud performer, whose lunge of heavy body and concentration of every nerve and muscle are astonishingly realized. Eugene Speicher's palette for the canvas, *Pattie*, is not a familiar one; its predominating cool notes of blue, gray and green serve as an admirable foil for the delicate textures of flesh and the flowing cascade of burnished, ash-gold hair, while the Alice-in-Wonderland charm of adolescence is beguilingly presented.

One of the most exciting events in the exhibit is the appearance of John Steuart Curry's *John Brown* (detail study for a Kansas mural), which is not only heroic in size, but in its almost overwhelming sense of power—of tremendous energy that seems to come out of the canvas. It is always a doubtful procedure to paint a figure with an open mouth, yet out of

this yawning cavern in John Brown's face seems to flow such a torrent of eloquence, rebuke, exhortation that it seems actually to echo through the gallery. Curiously enough, due no doubt to the recently aroused interest in our historical background, there is another John Brown canvas by Nicolai Cikovsky which shows him with a group of followers at Harper's Ferry, all lambent, El Greco-like figures who appear too diaphanous not only for a raid, but for the sturdy American landscape.

There are many other excellent figure pieces of widely varying character: Walt Kuhn's *Trio* which suffers a little from the sculpture thrust against it, Peppino Mangravite's *Family Group*, Luigi Lucioni's *Ethel Waters*, Max Weber's *Refugees*, Andrée Ruellan's *In the Garden*, Alexander Brook's *Georgia Cracker*, Raphael Soyer's *Window Shoppers*, Louis Ribak's *Shadow Boxers*, Julian Levi's *Writer at Home*. There are few nudes, so that Gladys Rockmore Davis's *Venus* must have special mention; it is superb in modeling, although the violence of the rose tones of the flesh and the sharp blues of the décor are not soothing.

Two newcomers, Joseph Hirsch, represented by an ironic *Hero*, and by Charles E. Shannon who contributes a canvas, *Rolling a Rim*, in their somewhat crude but vigorous handling and originality of conceptions bespeak much promise. There are, of course, as in any exhibition, lamentable examples which need not be dwelt upon too sadly except in the case of as accomplished an artist as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, who contributes *Two Worlds*, a canvas which seems to indicate the painter was not clear in his ideas nor definite in his expression of them. The straggling figures and awkward design of Henry Varnum Poor's *Three Sisters* are also dispiriting. It is encouraging to see Joe Jones leaving the farm, as it were; but his *Slum Nymph* is so careless in its values of foreground that there seems no stability in the painting. Byron Browne's swollen-headed figure, Arshile Gorky's *Head Composition*, the burlesque figures of David Burliuk's *On the Farm* or the confused design of Paul Burlin's *Soda Jerker* may serve some purpose, but surely not that of art.

William Gropper's sinister *Shoemaker* appears to have no significance as symbolism or painting. Paul Cadmus's *Hinky Dinky Parley Voo*, Douglas Gorsline's *Approaching Storm*, Eugene Morley's *Memoranda*, Jack Levine's *Neighborhood Physician*, Edward Laning's *T. R. in Panama* and Jared French's *Daniel Boone* should just be passed over as inept performances.

Abstract or non-objective works seem to be, also, on the negligible side. The cerebral intensity and sensitive appreciation of formal relations necessary for such work do not appear to be the portion of many of our painters, who apparently look admiringly on the abstractions of Picasso and other exponents of this art, but do not seem to get far in imitating them. Exception should be made of the handsome *Still Life* by Bradley Walker Tomlin which has remarkable subtlety in its beautiful relation of forms and colors and significance in design. Perhaps Arthur Dove's *Leaning Silo* might come under the rope as an abstraction, for it certainly uses natural forms as a point of departure and with marked success.

Fantasy is usually heavyhanded in large American shows. It is quite natural that our painters should like to have a fling

at so fashionable a procedure as surrealism, but few of these innovators have the imaginative powers or the meticulous craftsmanship which distinguish the works of the leaders of this movement. *The Discovery of Hands* by James M. Guy, Morris Kantor's *Conversation at Twilight*, Reginald Marsh's *Dali's Dream of Venus*, Robert Gwathmey's *Urban Landscape* are all labored and obvious; but George Marinko's *Retro-active Progression* is not only good painting but a definite working out of an original idea. The wittiest conception of an incongruous relation of objects in striking design is by Arnold Blanch, *Take Me to the Promised Land*, which might be classified as surrealism but needs no label to proclaim it a delightful fantasy brilliantly expressed.

Still lifes are an important feature of this division of mediums: Nan Watson's handsome arrangement, *The Family Compote*, Benjamin Kopman's gigantic forms and slashing rhythms in his striking *Still Life*; George Grosz's resolution of textures and forms in a compact web of design, in *Checkered Napkin*; Frank London's large, decorative arrangement, *Nature Morte*; John Koch's technical brilliance gaining a new richness by a more personal expression in his still life of a sleeping cat and a bowl of fruit; Katherine Schmidt's beautiful pattern of forms and shapes and surfaces in *Still Life*, Henry Lee McFee's richly-textured and sensitively brushed *Wild Flowers and Grasses*, and Marguerite Zorach's witty and gay *Bird in Hand*.

As yet the canvas that is due to attract much of the public's attention has not been discussed, for it is doubtful whether to place it under the category of fish, flesh, fowl or good red



Above: ERNEST FIENE: REFUGEES. OIL. Below: ARNOLD BLANCH: TAKE ME TO THE PROMISED LAND. OIL. BOTH IN THE WHITNEY'S EXHIBITION





Above: NAT WERNER: ORGANIZER. SABACU WOOD. Below: SIMON MOSEL-SIO: MOTHER AND CHILD. GRANITE. BOTH IN THE WHITNEY ANNUAL

herring—the notable *Parson Weems' Fable* by Grant Wood. It may be intended to be funny, or to be a record of a serious historical incident, or to be a work of art, but it seems to fail in all these classifications. Collectors of Americana could slip it into their group of early American coach and sign painters practicing the fine arts and no one would question it.

Landscapes without figures, with figures or figures in landscape form an important division of the painting section. Henry Schnakenberg's large canvas, *Romantic Landscape*, is one of the outstanding pieces. Molly Luce's poetic interpretation of *Sunrise* with the flaming chariot of the sun galloping steeds over the rural scene, Georgina Klitgaard's sensitively observed and finely organized *Blossoming Trees*, Thomas Benton's rich, yet not extravagant, color in *Autumn*, and Max Kuehne's filling sails and scudding boats in *A Quartering Wind*, should receive honorable mention. Edward Hopper's *Cape Cod Evening* with its blond notes of color in the high grass and its fine placement of house, figures and trees seems somewhat a departure from his recent urban scenes. It is an impressive landscape, but the interest centers in the figures and their envionring life in a curious way. Further to be starred are the lively and engaging *On the Penobscot* by Waldo Peirce; Frederic Knight's *Bootleg Coal Mining*; Manuel J. Tolegian's finely composed and painted epic of seasonal activity, *Grape Harvest*; Henry Mattson's *Lytic*, tending to

monotony in color, but striking in design; and a landscape by Karl E. Fortess, an artist making his Whitney debut, an example of remarkable painting quality, with the baffling title, *Unfortunate Incident*.

Sculpture makes a handsome effect in the new gallery, but is a rather negligible feature of the showing. There are far too many pieces of the school of the chipped log and scratched block of granite executed in the name, if not the manner, of *taille directe*, to give distinction to the showing. The intellectual concentration necessary for the emergence of a design from a block of stone or wood has not given rise to these amorphous works where the size and shape of the medium or its peculiarities of coloring have, in the main, apparently determined the design. Occasionally the method varies and instead of a few chippings at a log, surfaces are smoothed and polished in bulging projections with no indications of inner, bodily structure. There are, happily, some excellent works in other types of approach. Saul Baizerman's *Ugesie* is a notable figure, both for its brilliant design and its craftsmanship. In a sense it does not exist in the round, perhaps, as it is not cast, but executed from a sheet of bronze; yet it is a purely sculptural conception. Isamu Noguchi's *Transition* with its play of light on polished surfaces and upward, soaring movement is notable. Richmond Barthé's lyric *Boy with Flute*; Betty Burroughs' tondo in cast stone, *Bas Relief*, in which design is finely related to its enclosing circle; José de Creeft's heroic size





ALEXANDER BROOK: GEORGIA CRACKER. OIL, 1939. SEEN AT THE WHITNEY EXHIBITION

Maternity, in granite; Arthur Lee's marble torso, *Fragment of Fortune*; Gertrude V. Whitney's *Daphne*, in bronze, are all sculptural conceptions built up of bodily rhythms. An unusual rococo bas-relief in plaster by John Hovannes (a new artist) is entitled *Cotton Pickers*; it is an original and highly decorative piece. Other admirable works are by Marion Walton, Jane Wasey, Paul Fiene, and William Zorach. Three delightful animal sculptures must be included; a polished brass, *Young Deer*, by Heinz Warneke, *Shire Horse* in cast stone by Herta Moselsio, and *Cat in Tall Grass*, a terra cotta by Carl Walters. Robert Laurent's pink plaster lady smoking a cigarette might be used for a tobacconist's sign instead of the outmoded cigar store Indian.

Water colors make an attractive display, yet represent only one new contributor, a fact which in view of the great

number of distinctive water colors by young artists that appear every season seems regrettable. The prevalence of the enormous size paper, to which Americans seem addicted, makes especial impression. Not that one would forego the pleasure of seeing the monumental *Held up by Robbers* by Eugene Higgins, the umbrageous splendor of Charles Burchfield's *Elm Tree After Rain* or the romantic *Afterglow* by Millard Sheets; yet it still seems that small papers convey exactly the qualities of this medium. G. Macculloch Miller, the sole new name on this listing, contributes an excellent paper, *Interior*, simplified in arrangement and rich in color. Louis Ferstadt's *Beggars* is rather difficult as allegory and gory as color. Admirable works are shown by Clarence H. Carter, Adolf Dehn, Henry G. Keller, Stuart Edie, Thomas Craig, Peggy Bacon, and Earle Horter. (Continued on page 128)



*Helmice Margarita Saforcada:
Head. Drypoint. Included in
the Argentine Exhibition at
the Virginia Museum of Fine
Arts. Richmond. to the 26th*

ARGENTINE ARTS AT RICHMOND

THE BIG ARGENTINE show which converged on Richmond has taken the town. Parts of it were shown in the Argentine pavilions at the two Fairs, another part in the Latin-American show at the Riverside Museum, New York. But brought together in the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts with additional pieces fresh from Buenos Aires, these works reveal, with a certainty hardly possible before, the vigor of contemporary Argentine art. That Richmond is the favored city is due to the untiring labors of Alexander W. Weddell, one of her distinguished citizens, who began negotiations

while U. S. Ambassador at Buenos Aires in 1935. His invitation was remembered when the Argentine commission which arranged the exhibitions for the Fairs was established. After the show closes on February 26 a generous selection from it will be circulated by The American Federation of Arts.

The impression you take from the show is one of vigorous progressiveness. If good contemporary American exhibitions give you a lift, the Argentine show will too. The artists of both countries have in common a lively awareness of the life around them, not necessarily signified by the use of



RIGHT: Horacio Butler: *Landscape—Tigre*. Argentina. Oil. BELOW: Aquiles Badi. *Hostages*. Oil. Both paintings are included in the Argentine Exhibition at Richmond





Alfredo Gramajo Gutierrez: Election Day in the North of Argentina. Oil. Purchased from the Richmond show by the Argentine Government



Raquel Forner: The Captive. Oil. In the Argentine Exhibition in the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts

local subject matter. And they share also a concern for plastic form which is an invaluable inheritance from the Mediterranean lands. The Argentines, however, stem artistically from Spain and Italy rather than from France, the country to which our artists have been most indebted. But questions of influence and derivation should not interfere with enjoyment of the show. The artists of Argentina are producing paintings, prints, and sculptures that stand securely on their merits. They must be considered on that basis.

The print galleries are on the whole the most exciting because of the high level of technical ability, the robust vivacity and, in some artists' work, a truly charming sensitiveness. Besides their charm, Helmice Margarita Saforcada's drypoints have close-knit strength. One of them is reproduced. Elba Villafañe produces etchings of the people in their religious festivals, or at rest, which create a valid mood of sympathy. Several etchers evidently enjoy making large populous compositions in their medium, which give the foreigner, I imagine, a very good idea of the life of Argentine

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RIGHT: *Alfredo Bigatti: Head. Bronze.* BELOW: *Onofrio A. Pazienza: Houses. Oil.* Both in the Argentine Exhibition current at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, to February 26





LOUIS BOUCHE: ON LONG ISLAND SOUND. OIL, 1939. IN HIS ONE-MAN SHOW AT KRAUSHAAR'S UNTIL FEBRUARY 17

NEW YORK EXHIBITION REVIEWS

BY HOWARD DEVREE

NEW YORK'S LATE JANUARY and early February crop of exhibitions is about as diverse and numerous as the most hardened gallery-goer could ask. Old friends and newcomers mingle most congenially. A number of them present points of special interest in a season that has admittedly seen a higher level of work than has been true for several years, although the actual number of shows has not at any time equalled the high-water marks of other years. And it is especially gratifying to record that several of the more familiar exhibitors have set new highs for themselves.

Louis Bouché

ONE OF THESE is Louis Bouché, currently showing at Kraushaar's. Bouché's work has always been characterized, it seems to me, by a certain knowing quality without being particularly persuasive. Persuasive, however, it now is.

The advance in the years since his last one-man show is manifold, but most notable of all in color. Such a painting as *On Long Island Sound* reveals the new magic, in its most ingratiating form: there are few American painters who can surpass the summer-day atmosphere he has brought to pass or equal the blue depths of sky he has captured in this canvas. In other pictures, such as that of the marble quarry hoist and the appealing vignette of the curious small boy against a background of subtly toned buildings, the new strength of color relationships is further exemplified. One very striking and beautifully brushed still-life is a notable addition. In all these and in the sketchily open sand-and-blue presentment of a man lazing on the sandy shore, Bouché has contrived arrestingly to convey a new first-hand sense of the out-of-doors in his work. Several of the figure pieces are unusually attractive. In the interiors there is little trace of the harshness which sometimes intruded in earlier work, and even in these, notably in *Blonde Model*, there is much

less of the studio: practically every one of these canvases is more convincing than of old and executed with a new freshness and assurance. He has set himself a particularly nice task in another of the pictures—two semi-nude models seated side by side without a self-conscious posed effect and with considerable humor and no slightest infringement of the canons of taste. This show gives an excellent report of three years' work.

Ernest Fiene

ERNEST FIENE IS showing oils, temperas, water colors and drawings at the galleries of the Associated American Artists. To me the most attractive part of this exhibition is the group of Adirondack water colors—crisp, fresh of viewpoint, simplified. He has, as it were, abstracted the essence of landscape vistas in a variety of moods with telling economical use of color and in brisk, even terse statements. In such oils as *After the Blizzard* and *Church at Southbury* he has presented, each in its respective and fitting manner, further aconic individual visions. Also included in the show is the *Razing of the Old New York Post Office*, a prize winner at the last Carnegie International, which was widely reproduced at that time, and the locomotive painting which was included in the American Art for Paris show arranged by the Museum of Modern Art and sent abroad in the Spring of 1938. A



Above: ERNEST FIENE: THE ART STUDENT. OIL. TO BE SEEN IN THE GALLERIES OF THE ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS THROUGH FEBRUARY 3. Below: ANDREE RUELLAN: APRIL, WASHINGTON SQUARE. OIL. INCLUDED IN HER FEBRUARY ONE-MAN SHOW AT MAYNARD WALKER'S



novelty of the show is the *Kitchen Table Still-Life*, painted entirely with his left hand, while his right arm was in a cast, having been broken through a fall from a horse. This is Fiene's first show in five years and his largest and most impressive exhibition to date.

Andree Ruellan

ANDREE RUELLAN at the Walker Galleries continues to give evidence of steady, unostentatious progress. Her paintings achieve charm without expense to strength. There is grace and taste and a sprightly native American quality about this girl's work. She has a very real viewpoint of her own—witness the *April, Washington Square*. Her *Market Place* was one of the really delightful things in the Carnegie. Her *Shad and Herring Fishermen* and the *Checker Players* emphasize her penchant for genre subjects. Several of the still-lives and flower pieces are spiritedly executed in tasteful and pleasing color arrangements.

Yaghjian and Daniel

LESS SATISFACTORY, UNEVEN, but containing promise were two of the first one-man shows just closing—Edmund Yaghjian at Kraushaar's and Lewis Daniel at Associated American Artists. Yaghjian, first a student and later an instructor at the Art Students' League, has not yet managed to group figures convincingly in a landscape or a street scene,

Right: ARISTIDE MAILLOL: NUDE. CHARCOAL. 27 X 46½ INCHES. AT THE BUCHHOLZ GALLERY. Below: LEWIS C. DANIEL: ABOUT WALT WHITMAN. AT THE ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES



but he has a very striking color sense and a richly sensuous quality in his paint. City nocturnes in subdued radiance brings off with quite remarkable results. In some of his pictures he has attempted tasks of lighting and of water reflections by night before which many an older and more experienced painter might quail and his ambitious efforts have been rewarded by no small measure of success. Romantic, even poetic in his conceptions, Yaghjian has nevertheless remained sound in his constructions and has not allowed himself to be drawn down by paths he might easily have taken. This show, uneven though it be, is, one feels, an earnest of rewarding work to come.

Lewis Daniel, better known for his black-and-whites, has been painting for several years but has only now shown his canvases. Several large paintings of groups of figures indicate that he has taken with him in his excursions into color a strong lithographic sense which, translated into his rock Monhegan scenes and western mountain landscapes, leads at times to curiously stereoscopic realism. Apparently, too, Mr. Daniel's admiration for Lincoln, Whitman and the rugged aspects of their lives and times have influenced him in compassing a forthright, vigorous, thrusting style of composition. *Autumn*, *Taconics*, one of the most recent landscapes, indicates more sensitivity to subtler color re-

tions and taps a promising lode which may profit him more. It is all earnest and very sincere painting, but this large and sprawling show suggests that it was put together in the spirit of the Leacock general who mounted his horse and rode off in all directions. There is abundant energy and ambition which, it seems to me, needs more direction and channeling to be altogether effective.

Lovet-Lorski, Maillol, Cronbach

SCULPTURE HAS BEEN and is much to the fore this season. Among current exhibitions of more than passing note are Boris Lovet-Lorski's twenty-year retrospective, beautifully installed at Wildenstein's; a very attractive show of Maillol bronzes and drawings at the Buchholz Galleries; and a spirited group exhibition by eleven young sculptors at the Bonestell Gallery. And Robert Cronbach's exhibition at

Hudson Walker's, just closed, has attracted wide attention.

But excluding most of the portrait heads which are so generally associated with the name of Boris Lovet-Lorski—extraordinarily capable fashionable portraiture—the current Wildenstein show has given this meticulous craftsman a new stature. The man has a most remarkable feeling for his materials, even when he occasionally over-decorates an animal piece or polishes a torso to unbelievable perfection of finish. Grace and rhythm are implicit in this work and, though most of it remains well within the sphere of the decorative, it commands respect.

The Maillols assembled by Curt Valentin from American and European collections range from a portrait of Renoir executed in 1910 through torsos and figures, some of which are nearly life size, to the latest piece, a small decorative figure called *Autumn* dating from 1938. In this last, strangely

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FRANC EPPING: MOTHER AND CHILD. TENNESSEE MARBLE. 18 INCHES HIGH. IN THE GROUP SHOW AT THE BONESTELL GALLERY. NEW YORK



Two Squatting Demons in High Relief. Chinese T'ang dynasty. Said to have been originally bearing pillars in the Buddhist cave temples in Hsiang T'ang-Shan (Frontier of Honan and Hopei). Among the Chinese stone sculptures shown recently at C. T. Loo Galleries

NEWS AND COMMENT

New Head for the Metropolitan

THE TRUSTEES OF the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York have selected for the coveted post of Director Francis Henry Taylor, the thirty-six year old Philadelphian who has already made a name for himself as Director of the Worcester Art Museum. Mr. Taylor graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1924 and pursued his graduate studies in the arts both here and abroad. Prior to his appointment to the Worcester institution he was curator of medieval art at the Pennsylvania (now the Philadelphia) Museum.

When Mr. Taylor assumes his new duties this spring not least of the challenges he will have to meet will be his own. For in good rousing style he has flung the gauntlet to museum directors in an address delivered before the American Association of Museums in San Francisco last June and subsequently published in the *Atlantic* for December 1939, under the title *Museums in a Changing World*. Setting the American museum against a background of history, he poses the question as to its future. "It is impossible," he says, "for us to continue as we have done in the past. The public is no longer impressed with the museums and is frankly bored with their inability to serve it. The people have had their bellyful of

prestige and pink Tennessee marble. . . ." He indicates that the solution would seem to lie in education, for, to quote again, "*properly considered, every activity of an art gallery is essentially educative*" (italics the author's). And he concludes as follows: "As a profession we stand indicted before the court of public opinion. How can we best acquit ourselves? By honestly contemplating and interpreting our resources in the light of their potential usefulness to society, and by reconciling the layman and the scholar—therein lies our hope for survival in the modern world. For, had our colleagues in Germany and Italy been willing to meet the man in the street halfway, they might not now be reduced to pimping for ideologies that destroy the very civilization whose finest flowerings we are dedicated to preserve."

But in his brilliant exhortation, to which this reference obviously should serve merely as introduction, he says not one word about the place of the living artist. We hope his silence infers that the artist, unlike the scholar, needs no reconciliation with the layman—not that the museum has no concern with the artist.

The Metropolitan Museum was incorporated April 13, 1870, and in the following year the Legislature provided for the construction of a building to be leased by the Corporation. Erected at its present location, Fifth Avenue and



Francis Henry Taylor. Newly appointed Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Mr. Taylor will take office this Spring

Eighty-Second Street, it was opened to the public March 30, 1880. At the outset the collections consisted of a scattering of "old masters" and the Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities. Today the building is many times its original size and the collections not only embrace the fine arts but the decorative and industrial arts as well.

In May, 1938, The Cloisters, a separate branch for medieval art, was opened at Fort Tryon in a suitable setting made possible through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller Jr. In addition to noteworthy Egyptian, Assyrian and classical antiquities, works of art from medieval times to the present are generously represented. Other features include an Ameri-

can wing, devoted to early American furniture and decoration, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. de Forest; the Pierpont Morgan collection of European decorative arts which occupies an entire section, and the Riggs collection of arms and armor.

Purchases of contemporary American paintings, such as the nineteen recently announced, are made possible largely through the Hearn Fund. George A. Hearn, a department store owner, not only bought American paintings in his own time, which he gave to the Metropolitan, but he also left a substantial sum to be used specifically for the purchase of paintings by living American artists. The painting section, which covers a broad field, has been enriched by the addition of works from the Altman collection, the gift of another merchant prince, the Morgan loan collection, the Marquand collection, and more recently, the Havemeyer collection. Sculpture, unfortunately, has no Hearn fund, and if contemporary purchases have been made they have been unannounced.

Of enormous value to students and to active workers in the arts are the opportunities the Museum offers to study at first hand works of quality of all ages and periods. There is a service through which objects may be taken out on loan, as well as study rooms for textiles, prints, paintings and far eastern art. The Museum has an extensive library and for public use has a supply of 107,000 lantern slides and 38,000 photographs, color prints, etc., which may be rented in any number up to fifty, and are available to the public schools without fee. Advice on museum study is offered by the departments of educational work and industrial relations, while free gallery talks and lectures are given with frequency. The schools and colleges of the city work in close cooperation with the Museum in preparing their art courses. Motion pictures are shown in the Lecture Hall; free concerts are given each season under the direction of David Mannes. (Attendance at the opening this year was 12,000.)

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Gray Sandstone Frieze. Cambodian, XII Century A. D. Recently purchased by the Cleveland Museum of Art, from the Wade Fund

NEW BOOKS ON ART

The State of Music

The State of Music. By Virgil Thomson. New York, 1939. William Morrow. Price \$2.75.

EVERY PROFESSION has its mythology, carefully nurtured by its practitioners, partly for its romantic charm and partly for its commercial value. The myths operate with particular effect on the public gullibility in the field of art and most pointedly in music. The legend, which hinges on the divine inspiration of the musician, changes with the times and is usually related to the musician's sources of income, if any. At present the belief that music is a fount from which every decent soul should imbibe spiritual uplift is directly related to the peculiar circumstances of the music industry—the vast investment of money, the necessity for an expanding audience, the star personalities, the sanctification of a limited repertoire of great classics performed again and again.

Rarely does a debunker come from the inner circle of those who have profited from the myth. Thus, Virgil Thomson, composer, conductor, critic, lecturer and theatre man, may seem a quixotic hero in writing a book so refreshingly realistic as *The State of Music*. But Mr. Thomson sees the handwriting on the wall, the passing of the cult for "incompetent soloists and over-competent orchestral conductors who streamline the predigested classics to a point of suavity where they go thru everybody like a dose of castor oil . . . The official, the rich opera-and-concert world of today is the resplendent tail-end of a comet that has already gone around the corner."

The State of Music is as shrewd and as free of divine afflatus as a broker's survey of business prospects—and a great deal wittier. He treats his art with the simple respect an expert plasterer would give his less divine craft. He is a music-maker, he knows his trade, he wants customers for it and he wants to make a living from it. That, reduced to the simplicity of irony, is his position. Anyone who has ever paid twenty-five cents or more for a spot of musical uplift, either by the direct route of the concert hall or the detour of the appreciation lecture, will find as much value-received in this book as a housewife reading a consumer's confidential report on washing machines. The young musician will find it a perfect handbook on the business of getting along in the world by music. It is hard-headed, plain-speaking, often very funny, sometimes flighty, but behind the humor is a very discerning vision and a serious purpose. Only those with an infinite appetite for literary rhapsody about music will be disappointed.

It is a heretical book, a fact which Mr. Thomson smugly enjoys. Its first heresy is directed at the myth of music's potentially universal audience. Mr. Thomson says you either like music or you don't. If you do it is because your viscera are sensitive to auditory stimuli. If your viscera react negatively, he says, you are neither a sinner, an ingrate, nor a boor. Just stay away from concerts. Next to the top-gallery concertgoers who thrill privately to music without civic or social overtones, his favorite people are those who don't like music and frankly say so.

Heresy Number Two concerns how the viscerally attuned listen to music. He offers a philosophy of pure hedonism, ironically dignified under the term "non-cerebral receptivity." He is annoyed at those who use music as a starting point for day-dreams of nymphs gamboling on the green-sward, but he pities those who waste the delicious "ham sandwich" of music by steeling themselves to pounce on the second theme or track down its fugal pathways.

"Music," he says, "is a feast, not a display of musical specimens . . . Let it quicken your pulse, thicken your blood and turn over your liver and digest your food."

His severest rage is directed at the "music appreciation racket." Here he finds the breeding ground of the obfuscating legends that force customers to the box-office by "preaching music" and threatening excommunication to all non-participants. Here he finds the propaganda factory that is debauching public taste, canalizing music into standard repertoires and cashing in either on useless information or nonsense talk. "Can you imagine," he asks, "a reputable university offering a course in Appreciation of Surgery, for example, of How to Listen to Murder Trials?"

There is some rancor in this book, certain arguable generalities, and an ebullient delight in the role of *enfant terrible*, but in the main it is a healthy, humorous reaffirmation of the basic realities in the enjoyment of art. He urges composers to unite into a professional body, to guide their common destiny, establish standards, weed out the rackets and generally supervise their affairs, just as the legal and medical professions are managed by practicing members.—HELEN BUCHALTER

Dorothea Lange's Photographs

An American Exodus: A Record of Human Erosion. By Dorothea Lange and Paul S. Taylor. New York, 1940. Reynal & Hitchcock. Price \$2.75.

THIS IS NO art book. But the photographs by Dorothea Lange reproduced include many of the most important made in the past three years. And although Miss Lange's intention was not primarily esthetic, many of the pictures are works of art simply because she is an artist.

What is happening to large numbers of our rural citizens raises grave problems—not of a kind, however, to be discussed here. But if Miss Lange's photographs didn't record the facts with such conviction and clarity the book would not pack such a punch.

Like other documentary photographers, Miss Lange apparently has no troublesome theories about camera art. She does have a workmanlike concern for her craft and a capacity for hard work. To improve her technique she worked with Ansel Adams of California. And doubtless she learned a great deal, too, from her labors in the field for the Historical Section of the Farm Security Administration. Many of the pictures in this book come from Mr. Roy Stryker's justly famous photographic files.

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**"YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!"**

"That's a funny one. You're telling me what a great thing the telephone is. As if I didn't know!

"Why, I'm one of the main reasons there's a telephone in our house. For you can bet your life I keep the folks pretty busy around here.

"Just think! If we didn't have a telephone, we couldn't order things in a hurry from the stores. And Grandma couldn't call up to ask if I had a tooth. And Daddy couldn't

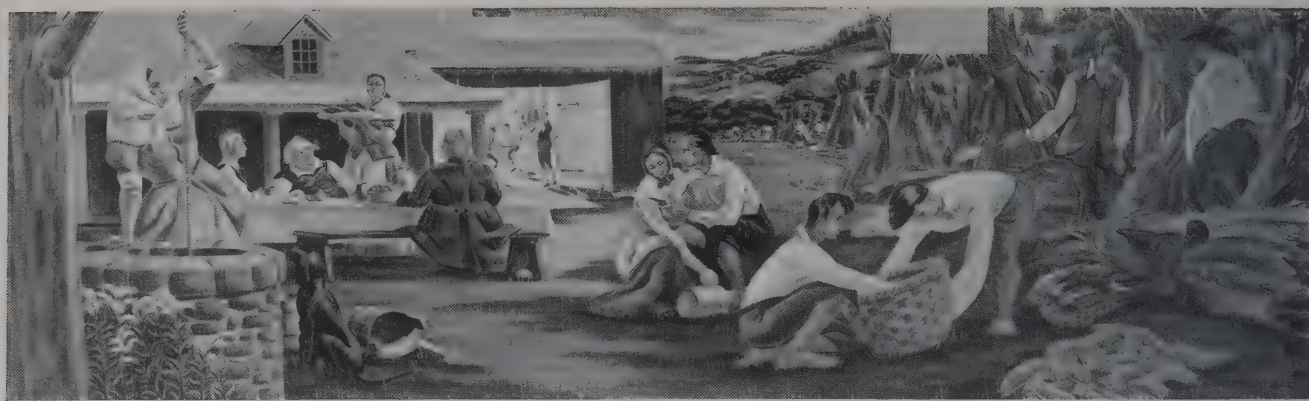
talk to us when he's out of town. And Mother would be tied down just something awful.

"And suppose one of us suddenly took sick? Or there was a fire? Or a robber, maybe? Well, I don't worry about those things when I see the telephone.

"Doesn't cost much either, my Daddy says. And Mother says, 'I don't know what I'd do without it.' "

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





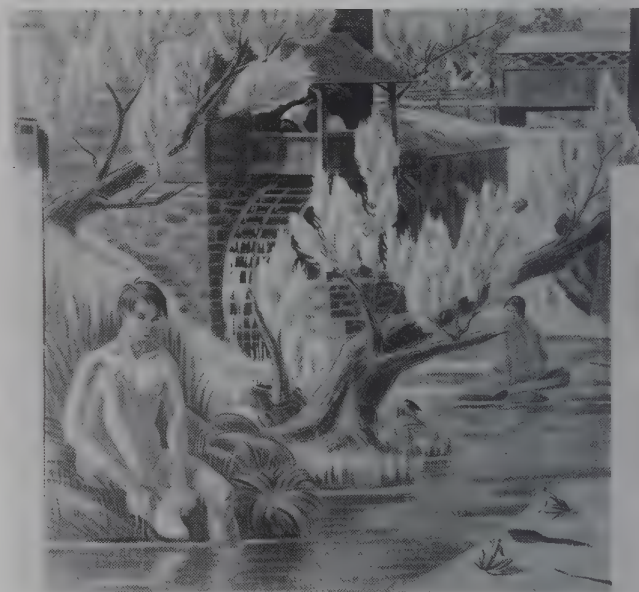
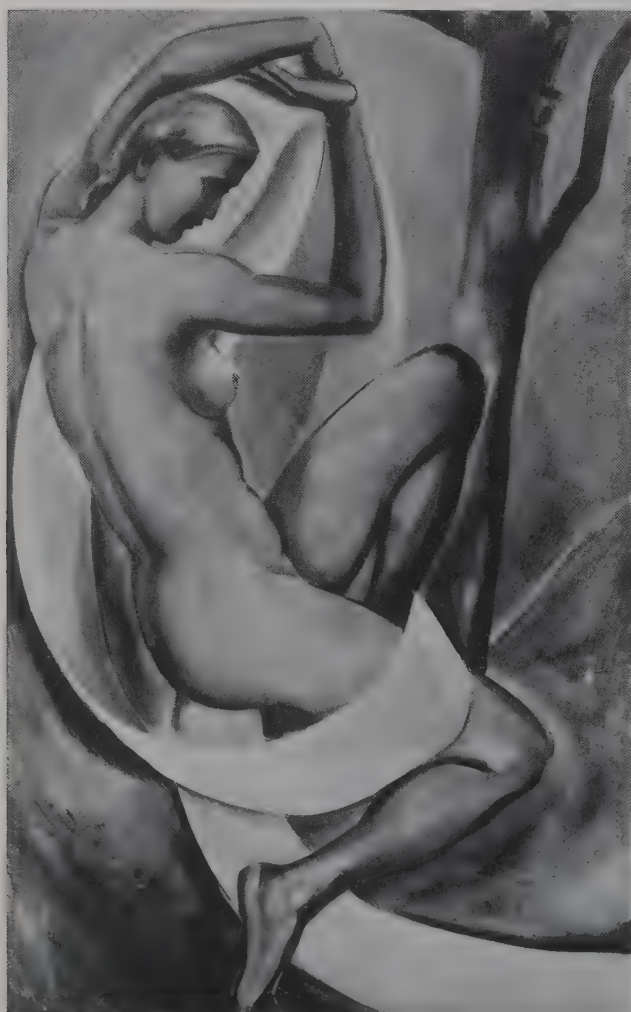
PHOTOS COURTESY SECTION OF FINE ARTS

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It would seem, therefore, that when the energetic Mr. Taylor takes over at the Metropolitan this Spring his sowing will scarcely be in barren soil.

Addison Gallery Head for Worcester

THE NEW DIRECTOR at the Worcester Art Museum will be a New Englander, Charles Henry Sawyer, who has been Director of the Addison Gallery of American Art since it was established at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, in 1931.



TOP: Olin Dows: *Cornshucking Bee, 1780*. ABOVE: *Mill and Swimming Hole at Landsman's Kil*. Two of the murals for the Rhinebeck, N. Y. Post Office, tracing the town's history. Shown last month at the Art Students' League. LEFT: Maurice Sterne: *Continuity of the Law—The Future*. One of his mural panels for the Library of the Justice Department Building, Washington

Mr. Sawyer was born in Andover, in 1906, attended the Phillips Academy and was graduated from Yale in 1929. His special field of interest is in art education, the subject of his graduate studies and of a survey which he conducted under a grant from the Carnegie Corporation in 1937 in the English public schools. His experience should well fit him to carry on the educational program undertaken by the Worcester Art Museum in conjunction with the public schools of the city.

Perry B. Cott, who has been curator at Worcester for the past eight years, will become Associate Director.

Ernest Lawson

AS A TRIBUTE to the late Ernest Lawson, whose death occurred by drowning at Miami, Florida, at the close of the year, the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, D. C.,

has devoted a room to a group of his paintings which form part of the permanent collection.

Lawson, one of the famous Eight, produced a type of serene, selfless painting that is all too rare today. Many of his canvases Impressionistic in method depict scenes along the Hudson and Harlem Rivers, which he knew well and loved greatly. Guy Pène du Bois, the author of a monograph on the artist published by the Whitney Museum, has called his *Vanishing Mist*, which hangs in the Carnegie Institute, one of the greatest American landscapes. Lawson was a "pure landscape painter" in the best sense. He had the integrity of an artist who was true to himself in the face of changing fashions and conflicting concepts.

The artist was born in San Francisco in 1873; his parents had been on a voyage in his grandfather's clipper ship, which was in the East India trade. After living in Kansas City and Mexico City he came to New York in 1890, where he studied at the Art Students League. Later he moved to Cos Cob, Connecticut, and worked with John H. Twachtman and J. Alden Weir. He is represented in most of the leading museums of the country.

Pennsylvania Academy Awards

WINNERS IN THE ONE HUNDRED and thirty-fifth annual exhibition of painting and sculpture at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts are as follows: Temple medal for the best oil—Morris Kantor for his *Lighthouse* (reproduced in the Magazine December 1938; also in *American Painting Today*); Sesnan medal for best landscape—Francis Speight; Beck medal for best portrait—George Grosz for his *Self-Portrait* (reproduced January, 1939; and in *American Painting Today*); Scheidt prize—Marsden Hartley; Widener medal to Carl Schmitz for sculpture for Federal Trade Commission Building, Washington, D. C. (Show to be reviewed, March issue.)

Olin Dows' Murals

ON DISPLAY in New York City at the Art Students League are the mural panels which Olin Dows recently completed for the Rhinebeck, New York, Post Office. Also shown are a group of landscapes in water color and gouache and figure drawings which served as studies for his completed work. In the center of the gallery is a model of the post office indicating the aspect of the murals in relation to the building in which they will soon be installed. Thoughtfully conceived and carried out with devotional care, the fresh and decorative mural scheme depicts scenes of the past and present in the life of Mr. Dows' native town. "I have emphasized the landscape," the artist tells us, "and those simple activities which bind our lives to the past, and to each other. . . ."

Jonas Lie

JONAS LIE, who was President of the National Academy until forced to resign because of ill health some months ago, died in New York on January 10. He was in his sixtieth year.

FOR
EVERYONE



THE
OUTSTANDING

BORIS LUBAN

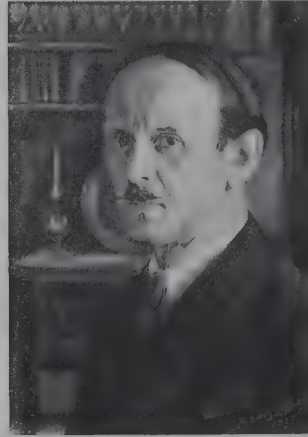
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BORIS LUBAN'S portraits of Eddie Rickenbacker, Thomas A. Edison and other notables in the fields of education, science and industry, are known to museums, collectors and art-lovers. After early studies at the Antwerp Royal Academy, he worked with Leisticow and other masters. His method is unique; he never makes a preliminary sketch, not even an outline. His virile technique combines thorough artistic control with deep knowledge of human nature; truly revealing the sitter's inner and salient qualities.

Mr. Luban painted many portrait-demonstrations at the Contemporary Art Building of the New York World's Fair 1939. Of his use of Grumbacher Artists' Material, Mr. Luban says:

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Mr. Lie was born in Norway and came to America at the age of thirteen. For a while he worked as a designer in a cotton factory; subsequently he studied at the Art Students League and the Academy, where he first exhibited when he was twenty. In 1912 he became an Associate Member of the organization, in 1925 was elected to full membership, and to the presidency in 1934. His paintings are well known and he is represented in such institutions as the Metropolitan Museum, the Carnegie Institute, the Detroit Institute, the Corcoran Gallery and many more. He won a number of prizes and was a member of numerous art organizations.

Active Season in California

SINCE THE CLOSING of the San Francisco Fair, which incidentally is to reopen this year, Californians have not lacked for opportunities to enjoy the arts, thanks to the enterprise of their museum directors. Among the outstanding recent exhibitions on the West Coast were the joint *Seven Centuries of Painting* at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor and the de Young Memorial Museum; the Fletcher Martin and other one-man shows at the Los Angeles Museum, as well as the current exhibition, *The Development of Impressionism*; and the art from Bay Region collections shown at the San Francisco Museum.

Bruce a Member of Fine Arts Commission

EDWARD BRUCE, Chief of the Section of Fine Arts, has been appointed a member of the Fine Arts Commission. Other members of the Commission are Gilmore D. Clarke, Chairman; William F. Lamb, Eugene F. Savage, Charles L. Borie, Jr., Paul Manship and Henry R. Shepley. To this group are submitted plans for all new structures to be erected in the District of Columbia under the Federal Government and all matters pertaining to art with which the Government is concerned.

Report for the Calendar Year

THE SECTION OF FINE ARTS reports for the calendar year of 1939 the completion of 215 artists' contracts for mural decorations and 48 for sculpture, involving an expenditure of \$314,915, for both groups.

The widespread distribution of commissions is strikingly illustrated in this report. The completed projects (some of which involved several paintings and sculptures each) are the work of 252 different artists, some with national but the majority of purely local reputation. They are located in post offices and other Federal buildings in 247 different cities and towns in 44 states and the District of Columbia. Eleven artists had two projects each; Texas received the largest



Aaron Sopher: *The Clinic.* Pen and Ink. Mr. Sopher is having a one-man show in the print department of the Baltimore Museum this month

number—20 completed projects (19 mural), New York had 15, Pennsylvania 13 and New Jersey and Illinois 12 each.

This report, which is typical of previous annual compilations, confirms the impression that the Government's art projects are doing more to decentralize art production and artists' opportunities than any other single factor.

Coordination in Architecture and Design

HOW BEST TO ORGANIZE and coordinate the training of architects and interior, industrial and advertising designers is the topic for discussion at a round table conference to be held at the University of Michigan February 2 and 3. Plans for the conference were made by an informal committee composed of Dean Wells Bennett, of the University's College of Architecture and Design; Dean Joseph Hudnut, of the Harvard Graduate School of Design; and Walter Baerman, Director of the California Graduate School of Design. Among others taking part are Professor Roy C. Jones, of the University of Minnesota Architectural School; Mr. Royal B. Farnum, Educational Director of the Rhode Island School of Design; and Dean Leopold Arnaud, of the Columbia University

School of Architecture. Speakers will include Dr. Walter Gropius, well known architect and professor of architecture at Harvard University.

The results of this conference will be watched with interest, for the topic under discussion involves one of the most vital and pressing problems in the field of art.

Charles H. Woodbury

CHARLES H. WOODBURY died suddenly at Boston on January 21, aged seventy-five. He was best known as a marine painter and etcher; but when considering his position as an artist it would be a grievous mistake to overlook his accomplished water colors and freshly perceptive pencil drawings. Woodbury became an Academician in 1907, but neither that nor any other of the honors bestowed upon him gave his mind an academic set. In fact his work of later years gained in freshness and vitality.

He is represented by work in many museums, including the Metropolitan, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, the City Art Museum, St. Louis, the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, and also in many private collections. A retrospective exhibition of his work was held five years ago at the Addison Gallery, Andover.

Woodbury had considerable influence as a teacher. Besides conducting a summer school at Ogunquit which has run consecutively since 1902, he lectured on art at Wellesley and Dartmouth Colleges and at the Art Institute of Chicago. His teaching was based on his conviction that drawing and painting are means of expression which can be as familiar as speech and writing.

Woodbury was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, and took an engineering degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He later studied painting at the Julian Academy, Paris, under Boulanger and Lefèvre. His knowledge of applied science and his draftsman's admiration led him to an exceptional familiarity with the writings and sketches of Leonardo. Indeed, Woodbury was himself blessed with an energetic and inquiring mind.

Conference on Artists' Materials

A CONFERENCE to establish standards in artists' materials will be held at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, on February 9 at 10 A. M. It has been called in response to a request from the Paint Testing and Research Laboratory of the Massachusetts WPA to the National Bureau of Standards of the Commerce Department. The work of the Laboratory was discussed in the September 1939 issue (page 518).

American Art to Replace the International

THE TRUSTEES of the Carnegie Institute have announced that an exhibition comprising a survey of American painting will be substituted for the time-honored International Exhibition in the Fall of 1940.

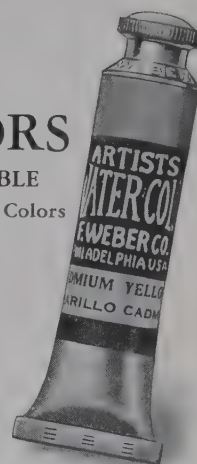
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NEW BOOKS ON ART

(Continued from page 116)

But neither craftsmanship nor unstinted labor wholly account for photographs like these. To me they show that Miss Lange has an instinctive sense of human life and its ways. Her sympathy for humanity is natural, deep, and uninhibited. As a result her pictures of men and women are not marred by self-consciousness. And this same approach she extends to the fine photographs of humanity's despoiled habitat. Her migrants, though driven from their plots of home earth, manage to retain a share of dignity. The land, when wasted, is truly desolate.

With such good photographic material to work with, it is a shame that the half-tone reproductions could not have been better. As it is the middle-tones are frequently lost and the blacks drowned in ink. On the whole, however, the book is attractively designed.—F. A. W., JR.

Sir John Vanbrugh

Sir John Vanbrugh. By Lawrence Whistler. New York, 1939. Macmillan Company. Price \$5.00.

THIS IS A biography, not a critical appraisal of Vanbrugh's work as an architect. It is concise, pithy, studded with carefully chosen examples and pertinent quotations, and it is beautifully written. So far as I can judge its scholarship is sound and there is a good bibliography and index. I believe that it will please those whose interest is focussed on architecture, as well as those more general readers who are equally interested in all aspects of a great talent. Across some of the most fascinating pages of English history the shadow of Vanbrugh falls. Mr. Whistler has drawn a brilliant portrait of the times which offered such great architectural opportunities and the bold man who seized what the times offered and thus made his career. He has given a great subject the imaginative treatment it deserves. He has written not only the best architectural book of the past few years, but a book of lasting importance.—F. A. G.

N. Y. EXHIBITION REVIEWS

(Continued from page 113)

enough, Maillol turned aside from the virile and naturalistic pieces with their earth-sprung strength and vitality to a small decorative work which seems to stem from the French classic tradition. The *Ile de France*, three-quarters life size, is one of his highly characteristic and vigorous pieces, animated and beautifully proportioned. A dozen masterly figure drawings lend added delight to the show.

A group of younger sculptors at the Bonestell include Harold Ambellan, Rhys Caparn, Franc Epping, Herzl

Emanuel, John Hovannes, Paul Huyn, Helene Gaulois, Nathaniel Kaz, Dorothy Simmons, Arline Wingate and Beverly Woodner. Widely divergent points of view are represented, from the simply poised dancer by Helene Gaulois and the *Kneeling Girl* by Arline Wingate to the oriental grace of John Hovannes' *Torso* and the complex rhythm of the same sculptor's *Laundry Workers*; and the massive static strength of Franc Epping's *Mother and Child*. Here and there the influence of Archipenko is to be discerned. One or two of those taking part, too, have been employed on the WPA Federal Art Project. It is a lively show.

Robert Cronbach at the Hudson Walker Gallery has given proof that he is seriously investigating the architectural function of sculpture. Reports from Buffalo speak highly of his part in one of the new housing projects. In his show, just closed, one of the models was especially striking—an angular arrangement of a great crane with a workman riding a girder. His architectural pieces are distinctly better than his individual figures and other work. Hudson Walker was the first to show Cronbach's work, soon after the gallery opened; the progress his protégé has made must be very gratifying. Certainly Cronbach's future work will be watched with much interest.

ARGENTINE ARTS AT RICHMOND

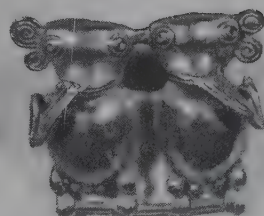
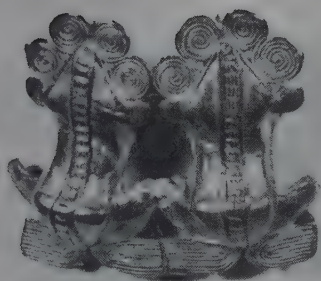
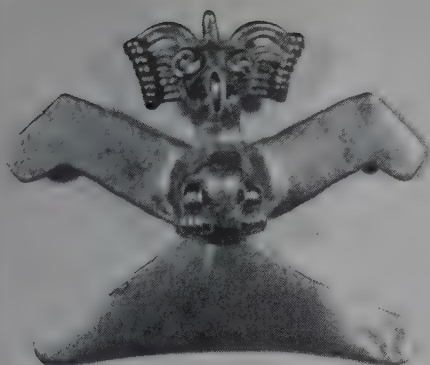
(Continued from page 109)

countrymen. Alfredo Guido (a painter and lithographer as well) seems to be the foremost among them and in his position as head of the High School of Fine Arts at Buenos Aires his influence must be important. Such of his prints as *Day of Races—Cordoba Mountains* and *Procession at La Cumbra—Cordoba Mountains* apparently set the pace for a number of followers, each of whom attacks similar material in his individual way.

(Continued on page 124)



Arthur B. Davies: *Cinderella*. Oil. Seen at the Ferargil Gallery



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FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 3

SUMMER ART SCHOOLS

will have more students this summer if they tell the readers of the Magazine of Art about themselves. School Directors are invited to write for the new low school rates. Magazine of Art, Barr Building, Washington, D. C.

One colorful room is almost filled with monocopias, which look like monotypes (though the term is translated as "monograph" in the catalog). Two brothers, Alajandro and Rodrigo Bonome, specialize with sprightly success in this medium; only one other artist, Demetrio Uruchua, ventures to essay it. Their prints give no hint of the pitfalls inherent in the process. Pompeyo Audivert and José Planas Casas and Hilda Ainscough contribute woodcuts, the last an uneven array which includes, however, *The Model*, one of the best shown in this medium. Among the lithographs Guido's large *Nude* stands out in my memory.

Although the prints make a bold play for it, they do not steal the show; the painters offer a good variety to enjoy. Horacio Butler has sent *Landscape—Tigre, Argentina*, with its adventurous interplay of hot and cool greens and its corresponding contrast of boldly brushed verticals and horizontals, as well as a more intimate picture called *The Pianist*. From the hand of Guillermo Martinez Sólman come three landscapes, the strongest being the two winter scenes, emphatically painted with bleak contrasts. In another room hang three sensitive atmospheric landscapes by Luis A. Cordiviola, which might have been painted in France at the turn of the century, but were painted in Argentine much more recently. And there is Onofrio A. Pacenza's *Houses*, which though perhaps a little too meticulously painted here and there, has a clear spaciousness and a beautifully luminous shadow.

Groups of figures are tellingly arranged in Aquiles Badi's *Hostages*, a picture in subtly muted tonality. Work by Señor Badi, who has two other oils at Richmond, has already been purchased by American collectors. What seems to me the most lucid and rhythmical composition in the show is Alfredo Guido's tempera, *Stevedores at Rest*, reproduced on the cover, certainly one of the most complete works of art included. Alfredo Gramajo Gutierrez's muralesque *Election Day in the North of Argentina* suggests parallels with similar efforts by many of our own painters. It has the qualities which make for good decoration.

As you would expect of a people predominantly Latin, Argentine artists have a classic regard for the human figure. Francisco Vidal's large *Nude*, which in the hands of a less accomplished painter would have been overblown, is a convincing example. And so is the beautifully modelled back of a nude woman in Gastón Jarry's *Interior*. Señor Vidal's canvas was reproduced in the July issue of the Magazine (page 420). Of the three paintings sent by Juan Antonio Ballester Peña, his *Portrait* is the most sensitive, and also the most sophisticated picture in the category shown. His larger allegorical pictures are a little thin. Antonio Berni, whose realistic *Woman in a Red Sweater*, because of its uncompromising force, would be hard to hang in any company, shows the same gift in a smaller *Portrait*, a man's head of less strident color. Raquel Forner's *The Captive*, in which the solid forms are pushed to the very brink of Picassoesque

surrealism, is saved from it by a sureness of craft that makes you accept the affectation of the one-eyed stare and hands protruding out of the picture plane. If in his *Saint Martin* Jorge Larco seems more concerned with color and oil texture than with form, reference to his anything but slapdash water colors, especially the one called *At the Ranch*, convinces you that his expressionistic liberties are taken with full knowledge.

Only when confronting the sculpture do you reflect that this is, after all, an official exhibition, and includes only work by those who have won prizes at home. This thought is inescapable as you stand below the pair of bronze boxers by Rogelio Yrurtia. However, huge as it is, it does not succeed in overwhelming the whole display of sculpture. For sensitive carving you must look to Octavio Firoavanti's *Nicanora*, a head of green stone, in which the planes are beautifully modulated, or to Luis G. Rovatti's *Profile*, a firmly wrought relief in stone. Alfredo Bigatti shows his versatility in three pieces, a bronze portrait head of a man, shrewdly modeled (reproduced), a large *Funereal High Relief* in plaster which indicates a gift for architectural sculpture, and a stone *Head of a Woman*. Ernesto Soto Avendano's bronze *Indian Mother* and Gonzalo Leguizamon Pondal's *Indian Flower*, a head in colored terra cotta, show with what assurance Argentine sculptors turn to indigenous material.

An afternoon spent at this exhibition left me hoping that when an American show goes to the Argentine it will have been chosen with more discrimination than has marked some of our previous foreign excursions.—F. A. WHITING, JR.



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WALTER PISTON

(Continued from page 99)

classes in composition, advanced harmony and orchestration when the instructors were ill. Upon his graduation in 1924 as an A. B. *summa cum laude* in music and a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, he received a John Knowles Paine Traveling Fellowship which took him to Paris for two years.

It was his expressed determination not to study with Nadia Boulanger. But after looking around for three months and being refused admission to the Conservatoire on the ground that he was too old, he consented to work with Mademoiselle Boulanger as "the best prospect." Like her first American pupil, Aaron Copland, he had to overcome the belief that only men—and composers—can be adequate teachers of musical theory and composition. But once he had become infected with her persuasive enthusiasm and had been fully impressed with her lightning facility for reading and evaluating any complicated new score, he saw that she belonged to that ideal type of teacher that is so difficult to find—that rare kind that knows how to inspire and encourage the student's efforts while directing them. Her influence far outweighed that of any teacher he studied with in Paris.

Back in Boston in 1926, Piston became an instructor at Harvard. His *Piano Sonata* and *Three Pieces for Flute, Clarinet and Bassoon* had been performed in Paris that year, and early in 1928 Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra introduced his *Symphonic Piece*, following it two years later with the *Suite for Orchestra* which the composer conducted at the invitation of Dr. Koussevitzky.

From 1926 his career has been remarkable not in spectacular outward events but in the steady progress of his thought in the two fields of composition and theory—the study of the technique of composing. He has been twice elevated by the University: first to the rank of assistant professor, and only recently to that of associate professor, which is a permanent appointment. In 1935 he received both a Guggenheim Fellowship and a commission for a trio for violin, 'cello and piano from the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation. Having recently been appointed an assistant professor, he applied for the newly instituted grant of a half year's "presidential leave" made available to assistant professors on their first appointment. Harvard then established a precedent by making this grant not to a scholar for research but to a composer for composition. This fortunate combination of events produced the *Trio* and the well sketched plan of the *Symphony*, completed in 1937.

. . .

PISTON HAS BROUGHT the same originality of thought to his teaching that has produced his lengthening list of compositions. Coincident with the growth of the chamber music, the symphonic works and the ballet, *The Incredible Flutist*, a corresponding germination of ideas, at once logical and

revolutionary in the perplexing sphere of musical education has taken place. He has never accepted a canon, however hallowed, at its face value.

It would be folly to dismiss so important a subject as his teaching without setting forth, however briefly, some of the ideas that have distinguished it. In this connection I should like to quote from a recent *Report on the Teaching of Theory* from the composer's hand:

"It has but recently become clear that the primary purpose of theoretical study in music is not the production of composers. The prevailing attitude of a few years ago is strikingly illustrated by the public statement of a prominent and influential music-educator that 'there is no use studying harmony unless you intend to become a composer,' a most welcome bit of advice to the large gathering of music teachers, who took it to heart with enthusiasm. The speaker's words betray a gross misconception as to the meaning of theory and technical study. Musical theory is not a set of directions for composing music. It is rather a set of deductions arrived at by observation over a long period and attempting to describe the practice of composers. It does not teach how to compose music, but it teaches how music has been composed. It aims to establish the norm of common practice among composers and to clarify the practice of the individual composer by reference to that norm.

"It must be evident that such knowledge is indispensable to any student in any branch of music, whether his field is performing, teaching, conducting, criticism, composition, or scholarly research. It is far more a necessity for the musicologist than for the composer.

"Let it not be thought that the would-be composer is being neglected by this standpoint. He is greatly encouraged by the realization that the creative process and the acquisition of technique are two separate activities. He knows that mastery of all the theoretical branches is the task of a lifetime. But he likewise is aware that composition may begin at any age, with whatever materials one possesses. The acquisition of a knowledge of the practice of composers does not necessarily lead to composition, but is certain to have its influence on the musical individuality of the composer."

Music is a language incapable of translation. Therefore musical education should try to analyze the purely musical thought and its development, the precisely "untranslatable" element. The "cultured amateur" as well as the musicologist will find the various branches of musical theory indispensable. Harmony, counterpoint, fugue, orchestration, and the study of musical forms are not the exclusive fields of the intended composer, and it is an illusion to think that these technical studies will produce a composer. The actual composer with real ideas to express—Moussorgsky is a good example—must set them forth, however rude his technique. It is frequently the case that his early works will possess a sturdy value to the world even in excess of the value of the accomplishment to him.

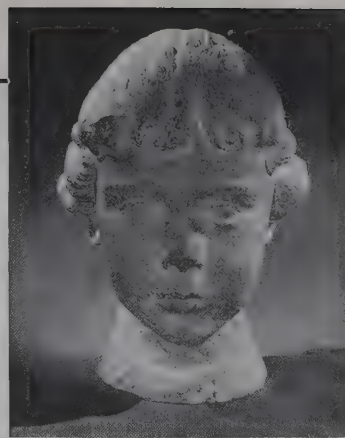
Mr. Piston has often pointed out the fallacy of dividing music study into the two camps of historical research and composition, that the former is sometimes a refuge from the more arduous task of real study of the musical material. The man who by serious effort has succeeded in writing twenty fugues of moderately good quality is doubtless in a far better position to appreciate the mastery of Johann Sebastian Bach in this medium than the man who has never essayed a fugal exposition on the ground that he did not intend to become a composer. Significant music has been written by gifted persons without the benefit of such training, but could any but superficial observation as to the style and content of a musical score be made by one whose education had been limited to those studies which did not require the putting of notes to paper?

I am paraphrasing Mr. Piston's own words here, in an attempt to set forth his thought as accurately as possible, and I should like to continue with his refreshing definition of that formidable term "musicology": nothing more or less than the intelligent study of music. Musicology, a new science, may be excused for its undue emphasis on the ancient and obscure. The possibility of a new discovery in the history of music, the fascination of accomplishment through enlightened method of research, are rightly irresistible. But the time will come, thinks the composer, when the scholar will be reminded that music is still being written and that composers are working in accessible proximity so that personalities, environments and influences can readily be studied in relation to the creative product. The scholar should not share the average concert-goer's uncertainty as to whether a composer's music is worth attention unless he has been dead a sufficient number of years. Yet as one reads the titles of books and articles published and papers read at musicological conferences, one is made aware that the very young art of music is already considered a dead language.

. . .

IS THE UNIVERSITY the proper place for the study of music? Mr. Piston thinks that the answer must be in the affirmative with the exception of training in instrumental playing or singing which finds its proper setting in the conservatory. He considers that the great weakness of the university lies in its "pernicious system" of marks and credits which requires a student to enter courses with other men of unequal preparation when a month or two of further study would enable him to start advanced work under more favorable conditions. A student of prospects might even be told that he was not qualified to continue in the field because of his low standing in an introductory course for which he had been insufficiently prepared. The case of the young Verdi should be remembered in this respect.

There is some question in Mr. Piston's mind as to whether a composer makes the best teacher. He believes that part of Nadia Boulanger's success as a teacher is due to the fact that



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she is not a composer and so is not preoccupied with her own expression. Yet it is impossible to expect to make a living by composition, so a composer must hold some position. Teaching in a university gives him a background of academic life where all are engaged in study and creative work of a more or less idealistic nature.

Realization of the disparity between the study of technique and creative activity will help the composer to remain individual among academic surroundings. But he should not strive to avoid the academic—perhaps this is his native atmosphere. These are practically Mr. Piston's words, and they suggest an approach to his own creative work. As a composer he has used the musical material so richly supplied him by a resourceful imagination to create scores of beauty and wit. He has never been content with experiment for its own sake, or with attempts to find new harmonies or rhythms as ends in themselves. He has sought for himself a contemporary idiom based on the dissonant counterpoint of twentieth-century common practice, and he has freely expressed his ideas in terms of it. His music has breadth, tenuousness, complexity and simplicity. It shows, also, a notable melodic gift which has reached considerable heights in such works as the *Concerto for Orchestra* and particularly *The Incredible Flutist*. His style has been called classical; it is on the dry side, but not excessively so; it is concise, witty, economical. In the string quartettes and the *Symphony* it has reached great powers of emotion and expression.

Nicolas Slonimsky has called Piston "a builder of the future academic style." Certainly he believes that there is a pure, ever-flowing stream of abstract international music, that this stream will absorb the important contributions of the various "movements" that come and go. It is along this stream that Piston moves.

An American composer? What else could this man from Maine be? He believes that it is futile to be preoccupied with so weighty a responsibility. An American school will be built by those men, living in America, knowing it and partaking of it, who are true to themselves. It will be built by men who are seeking ever to find what they wish to say and how they wish to say it. In a country so vast as the United States, there must be much music composed, many sections represented, before a national school can be clearly defined.

Mr. Piston has asked, "Is the Dust Bowl more American than, say, a corner in the Boston Athenaeum? Would not a Vermont village furnish as American a background for a composition as the Great Plains? The self-conscious striving for nationalism gets in the way of the establishment of a strong American school of composition and even of significant individual expression. If the composers will increasingly strive to perfect themselves in the art of music and will follow only those paths of expression which seem to them the true way, the matter of a national school will take care of itself. And who can predict the time of its coming? Some say it is already here. Some say it has been here since the turn

of the century. Others feel that it will take time to show the true significance of the enormous development of these recent years. But the composer cannot afford the wild-goose chase of trying to be more American than he is."

. . .

IN ADDITION to the works listed in *Composers in America* by Claire Reis (Macmillan), Mr. Piston has also completed the following compositions which have not yet been published: Piano Sonata, 1926; Symphony No. 1, 1937; Ballet, "The Incredible Flutist," 1938; Carnival Song, for 11 brass instruments and men's chorus; 1938; Concerto for violin and orchestra, 1939.

RECORDINGS

Three Pieces for Flute, Clarinet and Bassoon. Recorded by the Barrère Woodwind Ensemble for the New Music Quarterly. *Suite for Oboe and Piano.* Recorded by Louis Speyer of the Boston Symphony, and the composer, for Technichord. *String Quartet No. 1.* Recorded by the Dorian Quartet for Columbia.

Suite from the Ballet, "The Incredible Flutist." Recorded by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra for Victor. To be released in April.

Violin Sonata. Recorded by Louis Krasner and the composer for Columbia. To be released at an early date.

Also by Walter Piston is the book, *Principles of Harmonic Analysis*, published by Schirmer.

THE WHITNEY'S ENLARGED ANNUAL

(Continued from page 105)

The drawing section is not large nor particularly remarkable, since interest in drawings for themselves is of recent date in this part of the world, except as directed toward those by old masters. The museum should receive commendation for this intelligent departure in contemporary exhibitions. Isabel Bishop's pen and wash drawing of a figure subject, Adolf Dehn's landscape in wash, Emil Ganso's crayon portrait, Rosella Hartman's *Tropical Fantasy* in ink and brush, Frederick K. Detwiller's *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round* and Jon Corbino's monumental *Kneeling Figure* in charcoal are all distinctive works. Symeon Shimin, an artist making his debut at this exhibition, contributes the most remarkable item—a study in conté crayon and wash for a mural, big figures woven into a striking plastic design.

The prints, as usual, are admirably selected and varied, ranging from the distinguished craftsmanship of *In Memoriam*, an etching by John Taylor Arms to the lively, if wriggling, rhythms of Wanda Gag's lithograph, *Abandoned Quarry*. There is a great deal of etching and some engraving, a pleasing contrast to many contemporary exhibits of prints entirely in the medium of lithography. Frederico Castellon's imaginative and romantic print, *Three by a Hulk*, possesses

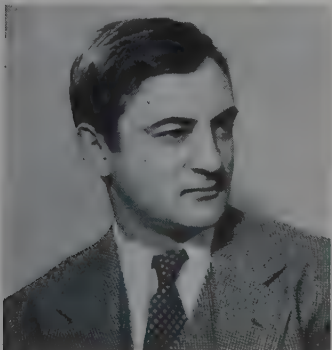
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Edward Alden Jewell, NEW YORK TIMES

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February 14-26
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all the qualities of invention and novelty presented with good taste which his canvas *The Invitation* lacks. Victoria Hutson Huntley's *Young Colt*, lithograph; Armin Landeck's drypoint, *York Avenue*; J. J. Lankes' wood engraving, *Barn Near Mannheim*; Kyra Markham's imaginative conception, *Sleep*, an aquatint; Thomas Nason's wood engraving, *On the Island*; Louis Lozowick's interpretation of the coiling complexities of subway construction, a lithograph, *Guts of Manhattan*; an etching, *Curiosity*, by Frank Besedick; and a handsome silk screen print in color, *Beach Scene at Sea Gate* by Hyman Warsager, all deserve mention. They also indicate the variety of subject matter.

BRITISH PAINTING SINCE 1900

(Continued from page 97)

A poetic vision and an intense interest in life would seem to characterize British painters. The war, by revealing the importance of humanly significant themes even to modern painters, thereby helped them to be true to something fundamental in their outlook on life.

In the work of several of the most gifted painters who have emerged during and after the war, of the brothers, Paul and John Nash, Gilbert Spencer, Edward Wadsworth, William Roberts, Edward Bawden, Eric Ravilious, Christopher Wood, Victor Pasmore, and Edward Burra, this purposeful employment of revolutionary discovery is especially evident.

There are signs of further retreat from abstraction. Perhaps the most influential among British artists of today, Stanley Spencer, is realistic; incidentally he is a frankly religious painter—as his awe-inspiring mural paintings in the War-memorial Chapel at Burghclere show—with affinities with the Italian primitives and the English Pre-Raphaelites.

I believe that British painters, by their application of the great pictorial discoveries of the age to the portrayal of the objective world, are making a not unworthy contribution to the tradition of western art. Failure to link artist and layman once again by an intelligible, if not inspiring subject matter, will condemn painting to be an esoteric cult, and the artist to starvation.

FEBRUARY EXHIBITIONS

(Continued from page 132)

Ruth G. Mould; Feb. 12-24. Drawings by John Pratt Whitman; Feb. 26 to March 9.
Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8 St.: Paintings by Lucy Hourdebaight; to Feb. 19. Paintings by O'Hara, Eron, and Donato; Feb. 20 to March 11.
Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave.: Paintings by Ernest Fiene; to Feb. 10. Water Colors by Samuel Homsey; Feb. 14-26. Paintings by Don Freeman; Feb. 12-24. Paintings by James Chapin; Feb. 26 to March 15.

Babcock Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: 19th Century & Contemporary American Paintings.
Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Matisse, Modigliani, & Utrillo.
Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Paintings & Drawings by Georges Braque, Juan Gris, Paul Klee. Sculpture by Henri Lauren. Sculpture by Aristide Maillol; Feb. 20 to March 16.
Carroll Carstairs, 11 E. 57 St.: Dufy & Segonzac; to Feb. 17.
Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13 St.: Water Colors of Venezuela by Rainey Bennett; to Feb. 10. Oils by Julian Levi; Feb. 13 to March 2.
Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57 St.: 19th-Century French Paintings.
Ferargil Galleries, 63 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Arthur B. Davies; Feb. 12-25. Portraits by Ward Thorne.
Four-Sixty Park Avenue Gallery: Paintings and Bible Illustrations by Natalie Hays Hammond; Feb. 5-17. Stained Glass Medallions by Alice Laughlin; Feb. 5-17.
Fifteen Gallery, 2 W. 57 St.: Paintings by Charles Hovey Pepper; Feb. 5-17. Sculpture by Doris Caesar; Feb. 19 to March 2.
French Art Galleries, 51 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Arbit Blatas; to Feb. 10.
Grand Central Art Galleries, Inc., Hotel Gotham, 5th Avenue Gallery: Paintings by Sidney Dickinson; Feb. 6-17. Paintings by Robert Philipp; Feb. 27 to March 9. Exhibition of Oil Paintings & Pastels by Kenneth Bates. 15 *Vanderbilt Avenue*: 41st Annual Exhibition of American Society of Miniature Painters; to Feb. 17. Drawings and Etchings by Louis C. Rosenberg; Feb. 5-24. Recent Paintings by George Elmer Browne; Feb. 13-24.
Marie Harriman Gallery, 61 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Patsy Santo; to Feb. 10. Paintings by Frank di Gioia & Fuller Potter; Feb. 2 to March 2.
Kleemann Galleries: 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings & Water Colors by Ann Brockman. Etchings & Water Colors by Hans Kleiber.
M. Knoedler, 14 E. 57 St.: Life Masks of American Patriots; Feb. 12-24. Paintings by Scott Pyle; Feb. 26-March 9.
Kraushaar Galleries, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings by Louis Bouché; to Feb. 17. Paintings by Henry Schnakenberg; Feb. 19-March 9.
Macbeth Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Moses Soyler; to Feb. 19.
Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5th Ave. & 82 St.: Heads in Sculpture; to March 3. Sculpture & Water Colors by Antoine Barye; to March 3. Historical Woodcuts.
Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave. Paintings by Frederic Taubes.
Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Selected Paintings by American Artists.
Montross Gallery, 785 5th Ave.: Paintings by Dorothy Eaton; to Feb. 10.
Charles Morgan Gallery, 37 W. 57 St.: Oils by Morris Davidson; Feb. 19-March 2.
Morton Galleries, 130 E. 57 St.: Water Colors by Alfrida Storm; to Feb. 10.
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Masterpieces of Italian Painting.
New York Public Library, 5th Ave. & 42 St.: American Printmakers. Book Illustrations by Edy Legrand; to April 28. Industries in Prints.
Nierendorf Gallery, 18 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Paul Klee.
Georgette Passedoit, 121 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Alice Tenney; Feb. 12-24. Paintings by Max Jimenez; Feb. 26-March 9. Memorial Exhibition of Alice Thevin; to Feb. 10.
F. K. M. Rehn Gallery, 683 5th Ave.: Paintings by Henry Varnum Poor.
Paul Reinhardt Galleries, 730 5th Ave.: Lotus Club Group of American Artists; to Feb. 10.
Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive: Work by Artists of Ohio, Pennsylvania & West Virginia; Feb. 6-25.
Robinson Galleries, 126 E. 57 St.: Sculptures by Eugenie Gershoy; Feb. 19-March 2. Limited Editions Sculpture.
Studio Guild, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings & Sculpture; Feb. 5-24.
Valentine Gallery, 16 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Milton Avery & Leon Hartl; Feb. 1-20.
Walker Galleries, 108 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Andree Ruellan.
Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lex. Ave.: Lithographs by Benton Spruance.
Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8 St.: Annual Exhibition of Contemporary Painting, Water Colors, Sculptures, Drawings & Prints; to Feb. 18.
NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Smith College Museum: Sculptures & Drawings by William Steig.
PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA
Art Center: Oil Paintings by Augustus Weber.
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts: 135th Annual Exhibition of Painting & Sculpture; to March 3.

Philadelphia Art Alliance: Members Exhibition; Feb. 3-16. Water Colors by Raoul Dufy; Feb. 6-25. Demonstration Exhibition of Handicrafts.

Philadelphia Museum: French Painting. The Rice Bequest. Louis XV Room with Helft Collection of French Silver; Feb. 1-28.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Carnegie Institute: Paintings by Gerald Brockhurst; Feb. 5-29.

University of Pittsburgh Gallery: 8th National Ceramic Exhibition; Feb. 1-21.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Berkshire Museum: Paintings by R. G. Newman. Water Colors from California Water Color Society.

PORTLAND, OREGON

Portland Art Museum: Ancient Art & Life; from Feb. 1. American Ceramics from San Francisco Fair Decorative Arts Exhibition; from Feb. 15. Paintings by Delacroix; to Feb. 15.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Virginia Museum of Fine Arts: Art of Argentina; to Feb. 26.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Memorial Art Gallery: International Photography Salon; to Feb. 26.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

Rockford Art Association: Leading American Water Colorists (AFA); Feb. 14-28.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

City Art Museum: 34th Annual Exhibition of Paintings by American Artists; to Feb. 18.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

St. Paul Gallery: Oils & Gouaches by William & Angela Ryan; Feb. 6-28.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Fine Arts Gallery: National Exhibition of Post-War Architecture (AFA); Feb. 10-26.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Paul Elder: Water Colors by Robert Bach; to Feb. 17.

San Francisco Museum of Art: Contemporary Art from Bay Region Collections. Selections from Museum Collection.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Seattle Art Museum: Advertising Art (AFA); Feb. 7-March 3. Water Colors by Sanford Ross (AFA); Feb. 7-March 3.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

G. W. V. Smith Art Gallery: Members Exhibition Springfield Art Association; to Feb. 18. Carvings in Wood; Feb. 3-24.

Springfield Art Museum: Ceramics by Rae Kock; Feb. 2-March 17.

STATE COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA

College Art Gallery: 40 Contemporary Prints (Museum of Modern Art).

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Syracuse Museum: International Water Color Exhibition (Art Institute of Chicago).

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Tacoma Art Association: Paintings by Eilshemius; to Feb. 10.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Toledo Museum: Contemporary Decorative Arts; Feb. 5-26. Contemporary Paintings from 79 Countries; Feb. 5-26. Original Covers from the New Yorker; Feb. 5-18.

TULSA, OKLAHOMA

Philbrook Art Museum: Small Sculptures (AFA). Survey of American Drawing (AFA); Feb. 4-25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Corcoran Gallery: Glackens Memorial Exhibition; to Feb. 18. Annual Exhibition Society of Washington Artists; Feb. 10-March 3. Sculptures by Robert Laurent; Feb. 20-March 12. Annual Exhibition of Washington Painters, Sculptors & Gravers; Feb. 10-March 3. Water Colors & Drawings by Kenneth Stubbs; to Feb. 16.

Howard University Gallery of Art: Exhibition by Three Negro Artists of Philadelphia; Feb. 1-29.

Phillips Memorial Gallery: Ernest Lawson Memorial Exhibition. More Daumier Lithographs.

Whyte Gallery: Sculptures by Cornelia Van A. Chapin.

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

Williams & Mary College Gallery: Modern Architecture; to Feb. 12.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Wilmington Society of Fine Arts: International Salon of Photography; Feb. 5-25.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: Philadelphia Water Club Rotary Exhibition. Drawings by American Painters (AFA); Feb. 2-25.

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FEBRUARY EXHIBITIONS

ALBANY, NEW YORK

Institute of History & Art: One Hundred Selected Prints; Feb. 1-24. Paintings and Etchings by Margery Ryerson. Water-colors by Ruth Lee.

ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

Muhlenberg College Library: Southern Print-makers' Show; Feb. 17-March 5.

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Addison Gallery of American Art: Architecture of a Painting; to March 10. Study of Edward Hopper's "Manhattan Bridge Loop"; to March 17. Picasso Exhibition, Feb. 10-23. Paintings, Drawings, and Prints by Fiske Boyd; Feb. 10 to March 17.

AUBURN, NEW YORK

Cayuga Museum: Paintings by Western New York Artists.

AUSTIN, TEXAS

University of Texas Gallery: Masters of American Painting (AFA); Feb. 4-25.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Baltimore Museum: Modern Painting; to Feb. 11. One-Man Exhibitions by Marguerite R. Bishow and Aaron Sopher; Feb. 2-15.

Walters Art Gallery: Portrait Miniatures from 18th-19th Centuries.

BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA

Lehigh University Gallery: Southern Print-makers' Show; Feb. 1-15.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Institute of Modern Art: Architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright; to March 2. Exhibition of Medieval Art; Feb. 17 to March 23. *Museum of Fine Arts:* Works of Sharaku; to Feb. 15. Paintings & Decorative Arts from Edwards Collection. Medieval Art; Feb. 17-March 23.

Society of Independent Artists: 13th Annual Exhibition; Feb. 18-March 10.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Brooklyn Museum: Eastman Johnson Exhibition; to Feb. 25. Nicaraguan Pottery Designs by David Sequeira; to March 3. Southwest Indian Paintings and Drawings; Feb. 3-March 31.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Albright Art Gallery: Architecture of Buffalo; to Feb. 12. Paintings by Segonzac; Feb. 2-29. Block Printing.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

William Hayes Fogg Art Museum: Pre-Colonial Art; to Feb. 10. New Prints; to March 1. Italian Majolica of XV Century; to Feb. 10.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Art Institute of Chicago: Picasso Retrospective; Feb. 1 to March 3. Works by Sharaku; Feb. 1 to March 15.

Mandel Brothers: Annual Exhibition Swedish-American Art Association; to Feb. 14.

United American Artists: Paintings by June Claire, Dobrila Hansen, Morris Topchevsky; to Feb. 17.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Art Museum: Paintings from Williams Collection. Colonial Silver from Garvan Collection. Development of American Painting; to March 3. Thomas Girtin's Views of Paris; Feb. 3 to March 3.

Prints & Drawings by Adolf Dehn to March 3. Paintings & Drawings by David & Ingres; Feb. 3 to March 3.

CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Pomona College: Danish Silver; to Feb. 8. Japanese Paintings; Feb. 10-22. Water-colors by Phil Dike; Feb. 24 to March 4.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cleveland Museum: Chinoiserie. Toiles & Engravings; Feb. 28 to March 31. Print Club Exhibition; to March 17. Bauhaus Exhibit (Museum of Modern Art); to Feb. 25. Masterpieces from New York & San Francisco World's Fairs; Feb. 7 to March 7. Chinese Ceramics; Feb. 28 to April 7. Gelatone facsimiles of American Paintings; to Feb. 25. English & Canadian Children's Painting; March 1-30. Modern French Tapestries; March 19 to April 21.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts: Sculpture by Erwin F. Frey. Central Ohio Camera Exhibition; Feb. 1-29.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Dallas Museum: Thomas Benton Exhibition; Feb. 4-25. Southern States Art League; Feb. 4-26.

DAYTON, OHIO

Dayton Art Institute: 10th Anniversary Exhibition. John Whorf Water Colors. Sculpture by Lu Duple. Taos Exhibit from Harwood Foundation. Zeiss Photography Exhibition.

DECATUR, ILLINOIS

Decatur Art Institute: An American Group (AFA); Feb. 4-25.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Duke University: Icelandic Art (AFA); Feb. 1-15.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

Society of Fine Arts and History: Corcoran Biennial Exhibition (AFA); Feb. 4-25.

FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS

Art Center: Society of Illustrators Exhibition (AFA); Feb. 14-28.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Neville Public Museum: Oriental Prints; Feb. 1-29.

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

Montgomery County Museum: Eighth Annual Exhibition of Cumberland Valley Artists; Feb. 1-29.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

Museum of Fine Arts of Houston: All Texas Show; Feb. 4-18. Old Masters; Feb. 24 to March 17. Scholastic Awards Exhibition; March 3-10.

IOWA CITY, IOWA

University Gallery: Work by Iowa Artists; Feb. 1-29.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Art Association: Prints by Kathe Kollwitz (AFA); to Feb. 12.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Art Institute: Midwestern Artists Exhibition; Feb. 4-25.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery: French 17th & 18th Century Paintings. Prints by Rouault; Feb. 1-15. Paintings by Patteran Society (AFA); Feb. 15 to March 30. Water Colors by George Schreiber; Feb. 1-29.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Museum: Development of Impressionism; to Feb. 28. One-Man-Show by Orrin White; Feb. 1-29. Children's Work from Classes of Mme. Galka E. Scheyer; Feb. 1-27. Seymour Haden Etchings.

Stendahl Galleries: Paintings by Edna Rein-del; to Feb. 10.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

J. B. Speed Memorial Museum: Paintings by French Artists of 20th Century; Feb. 7-27. Paintings by Mabel Hussey Degan. "Lincolniana"; Feb. 11 to March 2. Portraits by Bethuel Moore; Feb. 4-25.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Madison Free Library: Madison Artists' Exhibition; Feb. 11 to March 2.

Wisconsin Union: H. H. Richardson Architecture; from Feb. 3. 7th Annual Photographic Salon; from Feb. 17. Evolution of Skyscraper & Film; from Feb. 23.

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Currier Gallery: Water Colors by Harry Leith-Ross. Oils, Drawings & Prints by John Sloan. Breughel Reproductions. Work by Iacovleff. Exhibition of Mexican Objects. Prints by Pop Hart.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Brooks Memorial Art Gallery: Mural Designs (AFA); Feb. 4-25.

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

Art Gallery: Rosenwald Collection Prints; to Feb. 7. American Excavations in the Near East; Feb. 11 to March 20.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Milwaukee Art Institute: Old Chintzes; Feb. 1-29. Paintings by Boris Grigoriev; Feb. 1-29. Flower Paintings by Nina K. Griffin; Feb. 15-29. Woodcuts by James Prestini; Feb. 1-25. Paintings by Francesco Spiciezza. *Milwaukee-Downer College:* Alumnae Exhibition; to Feb. 12. Water Colors by William Zorach; Feb. 12 to March 11.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Minneapolis Institute of Arts: Religious Etchings by Rembrandt; to March 1. Chinese Bronzes of Shang & Chou. Chinese Jade & Hard Stone Carvings. Modern French Tapestries; Feb. 15 to March 15.

University of Minnesota Gallery: Paintings by School of Paris; Feb. 3-17. Work of Southern Highlanders. Paintings by Edmund Kinzinger.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

Montclair Art Museum: Finnish Textiles by Marianne Strengell (AFA). Danish Pottery; Feb. 4-25. Japanese Prints.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Newark Museum: Early American Glass, American Paintings & Sculptures. Tibetan Religious Paintings. Oriental Art from Jaehne Collection.

NEW YORK

A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8 St.: Paintings by Abram Tromka; to Feb. 10. Paintings by William Gropper; Feb. 11 to March 2.

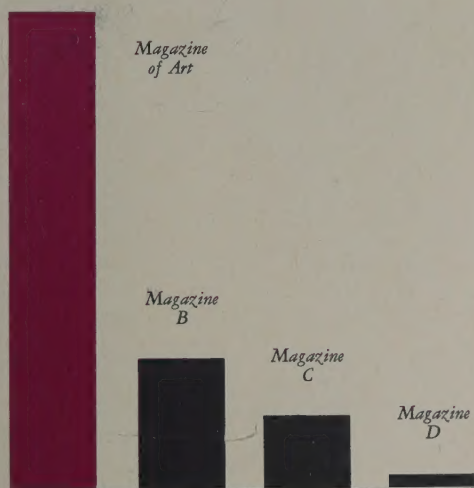
American Water Color Society, 215 W. 57 St.: Water Color Exhibition; Feb. 9-29.

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Paintings by

(Continued on page 130)

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Announcing THE FIRST CIRCULATING EXHIBITION OF
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PAINTINGS • SCULPTURES • PRINTS

AFTER March 15 there will be available to a limited number of museums and exhibitors in the United States a vivid collection of Argentine paintings, sculptures and prints. The exhibition is made possible by the cooperation of Mr. John Alexander de Marval, Commissioner General of the Argentine Government Committee on Exhibitions in the United States.

The circulating show is impressive in scope and quality, comprising 30 paintings, 7 sculptures and 33 prints. The selection has been made

from the larger exhibition now in progress at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, by Thomas C. Colt, Jr., Director of the Museum; F. A. Whiting, Jr., Editor, *Magazine of Art*; and L. B. Houff, Jr., Manager, The American Federation of Arts.

The paintings range in size from 1½ x 2 feet to 4 x 6 feet. The paintings and sculpture (to be shown together) will require a large gallery or two small galleries, and the prints, which are of generous proportions, a medium gallery. Illustrated catalogs will be provided for exhibitors.

For terms—which are unusually low due to the cooperation of the Virginia Museum and Mr. de Marval—and available dates, please communicate with Miss Helen Cambell, Exhibition Secretary of

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